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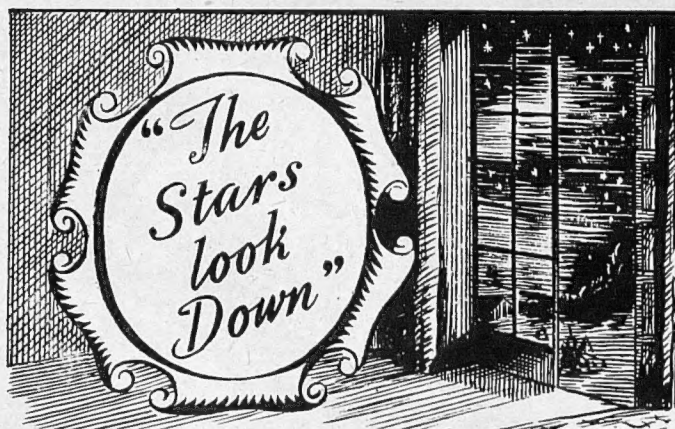
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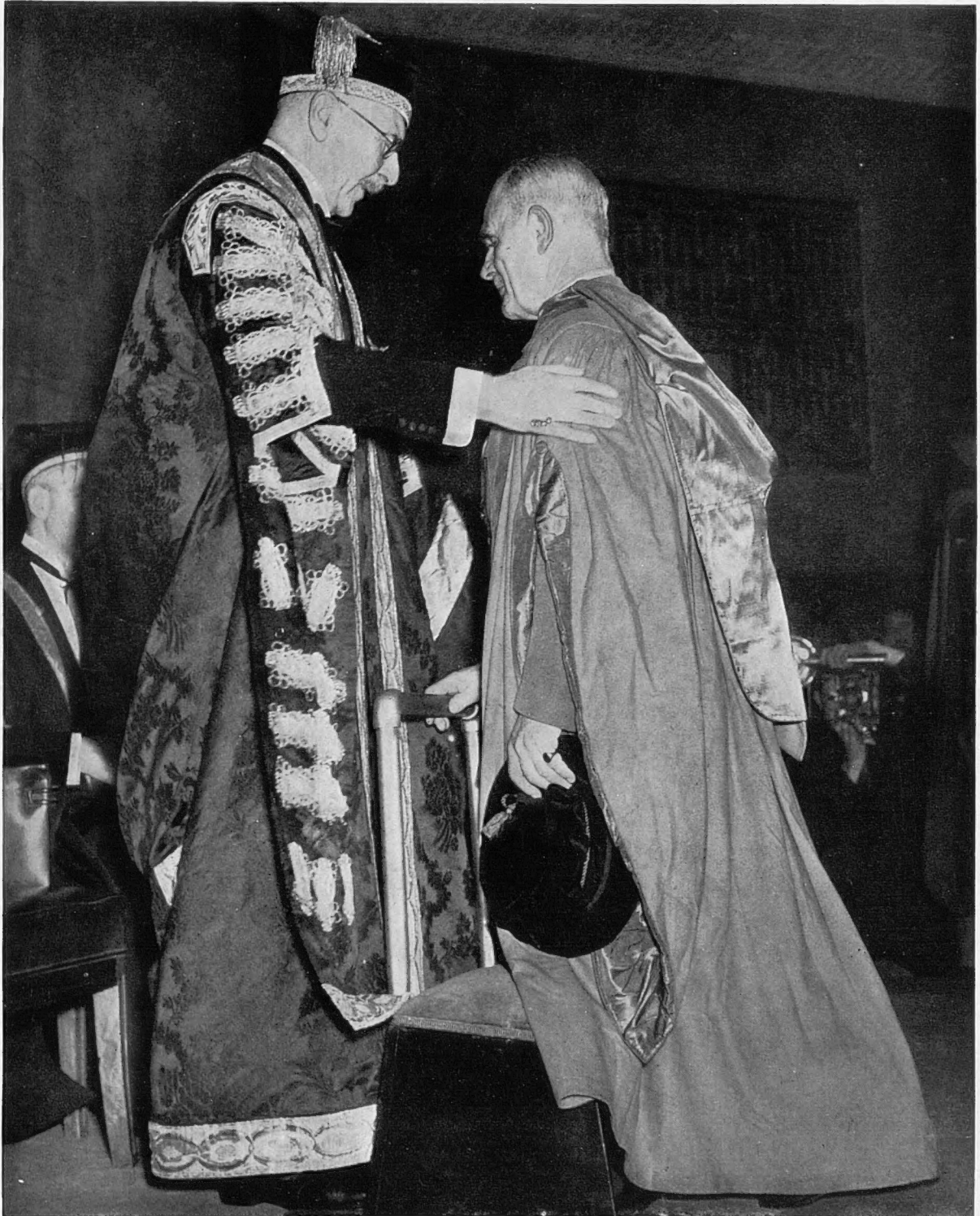


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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON
DECEMBER 10, 1947

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVI. No. 2422



LONDON UNIVERSITY HONOURS A GREAT SOLDIER

At the recent Foundation Day celebrations at London University, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Field Marshal Earl Wavell, who is seen at the ceremony kneeling before the Chancellor, the Earl of Athlone. Among others receiving degrees were the Prime Minister, who spoke for the recipients, Lord Nuffield and Mr. John Masefield, O.M., the Poet Laureate. A reception was afterwards held by the Chancellor and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Clowns Unlimited

IT does not follow, as Sherlock Holmes (I think) remarked of his bloodhound "Non Sequitur," that the first circus which one sees is necessarily the best.

But certainly it is the most vivid: the recollection leaps to the mind with the same three-dimensional multi-coloured acid which etches milestones on the memory. One's first beating at school, the first moment of adult terror, the first view of the Chateaux or the Pyramids, Mr. Chamberlain announcing the declaration of war, one's first pantomime, the first circus—these are matters of personal permanence and not all the synthetic rubber in a dozen tins of imported oysters will erase them.

"That aint the 'orses 'ams, that's the 'orses 'ocks," said Sir Fortesque Rumbold, proprietor and ringmaster of Sir Fortesque Rumbold's Circus, in the course of his patter with the Equestrienne Queen, during their visit to Bournemouth in 1911. I can remember this, and particularly the amusement which my uncle derived from the observation, for the whole performance is a kaleidoscope stored for a play-back when the occasion demands. But the lingering memory is of chocolates dropped in the sawdust, chocolates which Authority (in the shape of my uncle) said were contaminated, and must remain to be crushed beneath the hooves of the dazzling mounts of that first Equestrienne Queen.

ON Friday week Cyril and Bertram Mills will herald in Christmas at Olympia with all the throat-catching pageantry which a trumpet fanfare for a Royal Occasion can summon into the imagination. There will be clowns, horses, elephants, sea lions, acrobats and even a gentleman who styles himself (but one hopes modestly) as, "the most outstanding juggler of all time." This seems hard upon such masters as Cherubino of Turin, of whom it is recorded that he "astounded an Audience which included two Emperors, four Kings, six Plenipotentiaries, eight reigning Princes and innumerable persons of quality, by balancing a pea upon the end of a fishing rod, the whole edifice resting upon his nose, whilst maintaining in circulation no less than seventeen gold plates especially loaned for the performance by the Butler to the Imperial Household."

In the light of this claim how would Ricco, the dropsical juggler of Cleves rate? He was not, as in the case of the crusading Bilbal, a jongleur or a troubadour-mime who sang and conjured, but a man dependent upon the dexterity of hand, head and snout in the manipulation of plates, ninepins, balls and even "leaden objects moulded in the style of

fishes," for half his act was conducted under water in a crystal tank, to the amazement, satisfaction and (says the chronicle) delirium of the beholders.

For the erudite, and those who pretend to erudition by particular research, he is cited coarsely by Rabelais and referred to, by inference, by Villon and very much later—probably by dint of that same research—by Rostand.

NUMBER 21 on Messrs. Mills' bill of fare is "Clowns and Augustes unlimited," but it is, alas, the final item, an etcetera to the more notable thrills of the Elephant Ballet. It is pious to hope that there is occasion here for blame, that the immortal spirit and tradition of clowning is maintained. Our own Whimsical Walker is no longer carrying the illuminated poker of Grimaldi for a torch, Grock soured by an unsuccessful legal action and the grim threat of Sir Stafford's myrmidons, eschews our rings, and the Fratellini Brothers, where are they?

The Cirque D'Hiver in Paris, that monstrous parody of the Albert Hall, was their spiritual home. Here they and their four sons, those doubly comic miniatures of their parents, rocked the house these twenty years since,

and made sophisticated audiences forget the thrills of motorists shot from guns doing such horrific double somersaults in mid-air that even the attendants blanched and stood by the exits in case an accident should cause a stampede. Today the Marx Brothers, imported sparsely in tins, are their nearest equivalent, but even they with all the aids of wit and wisecrack cannot approach the ecstatic joy which the Fratellini could conjure into being by the meticulous juxtaposition of a ladder and a bucket of cold water. Clowns and Augustes unlimited, yours is a rich inheritance, free of duty but heavy with responsibility.

THE distinguished and experienced expert, Mr. A. E. Matthews, discussing one of our leading comedienues uttered a deep truth in this connection not long since. "That young woman," he said, "smiles all the time. It's a mistake, you know. Clowns and comedians should never appreciate their own humour: they should leave that to the audience. Look at Alfred Lester—a more miserable face never crossed the stage, and nor did a greater comedian. I never smile when I'm acting, except when the joke is going to be against me. It's one of the few rules to remember in acting. That and the second great principle—never get in the other fellow's way.

"You can never," (continued Mr. Matthews), "tell exactly from show to show where a laugh is going to lie. I remember taking a play to New York and in the course of the action I had to jump on a top hat at the end of the second act. Thinking that the show was sure to run I went to my hatter and asked for seventy toppers to be going on with. As a serious-minded fellow he naturally didn't turn a hair but merely inquired if I would want the best quality, to which I replied 'of course.' On the ship the purser advised me that I might have some difficulty in getting my wardrobe through the customs. To overcome this I dished the toppers out among my friends, and we all arrived on shore as immaculate as if we'd just stepped out of Bond Street. Even that didn't make the play run, however—it was a flop. But there were compensations. I brought the best part of the remaining toppers home and what's more, I've got some of them to this day."

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Master Eustace's children certainly brighten up the old place, eh, Briggs?"

The Hansard Society

THAT august body, the Hansard Society, is currently issuing its quarterly journal *Parliamentary Affairs*. It is a serious periodical devoted to all aspects of the institution of Parliament, and it is moreover the

only publication in our language to deal exclusively and authoritatively with our legislation as beaten out in the House. The first number contains messages from our political leaders, and among a half dozen important contributions, a most significant dissertation from the Home Secretary, Mr. Chuter Ede, upon "Parliament and the Liberty of the Subject."

Among others, he quotes Mr. Churchill and produces a delightful sidelight on that great legislator.

"When he was Home Secretary a local authority proposed to make a by-law prohibiting the use of roller-skates on London pavements—the object being to protect the peace of elderly people who dislike being bumped into by boys on skates. Mr. Churchill decided that it was more important to protect the London boy against encroachments on his limited opportunities for adventure, and refused to confirm the by-law."

An odd incident is also cited; true it is twelve years since, but who could read it without reflecting (in company with Mr. Arbuthnot himself) where else in the world could this occur?

"In 1935 when King George V was reviewing the Royal Air Force, a lady who was distributing pamphlets tried to throw one into the Royal carriage. The police, fearing a breach of the peace by a resentful crowd, took the pamphlets from her. She sued the Chief Constable and the Sergeant, and the Court held that however well-meaning the police action, it was unwarranted in law and gave damages of £1 against the police."

Mr. Ede concludes, with (one hopes) an eye on the present inquiry into the Press:—

"The essence of liberty is freedom to criticize the authorities, to persuade others that the Government is wrong and that the laws ought to be amended, and to be in a position, if one can persuade enough people, to bring about changes in the law or in methods of administration. Liberty or the absence of liberty cannot be judged by the number of restrictions imposed for purposes of order and social convenience on members of the community. People sometimes talk as though liberty were impaired by laws which prevent us driving along the roads at such speeds as we think fit or keeping shops open on Sunday; but the existence or absence of restrictions of this kind have no relevance to the question of liberty. The test of liberty is whether the people of the country have the opportunity to criticize such restrictions, to agitate for their withdrawal or amendment and to succeed in their object if they can persuade the majority to adopt their view."

Late Night Final

HERE, says our wine merchant, is a recipe or prescription commended to overcome the present crippling crisis. It is entitled "Mulled Wine," and is said to derive from the ideas of Falstaff himself.

1. Dissolve two or three dessertspoonfuls of brown or white sugar in a little hot water over a low heat. (Brown is better and the heat is bound to be low anyway.)
2. Add a bottle of red wine and bring to the boil.
3. Remove from fire as soon as it boils, because stewed wine is no more commendable than stewed tea. Grate a little nutmeg over the wine, stir well and serve hot.

Youngman Carter

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

THE PRIEST AND THE TEMPTRESS

A curate, tempted by a
Vision of Delight,
As a counter-measure
Fasted every night.

Quite apart from rations
This would make one thin:
He was thin to start with;
So it did him in.

Orphaning his children
Widowing his wife,
Generally wrecking
Everybody's life.

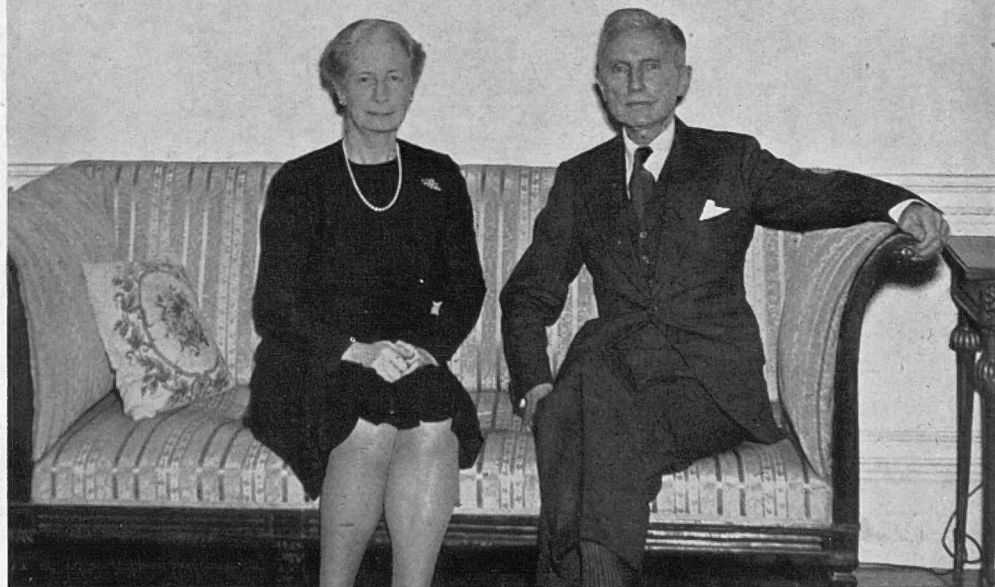
Thelma Phlopp (the Vision).
She was tempted too,
Tempted by two gins where
One would really do.

But did Thelma worry?
Did she ever *think*?
No. She died at ninety-
Five or six, of drink.

Immoral

Treasure up the wisdom
Hereabove revealed:
*If so be you're tempted
Don't be uppish—yield.*

—Justin Richardson.



Swaebe

THE DANISH AMBASSADOR

H.E. Count Eduard Reventlow, with the Countess Reventlow at the Danish Embassy in Cadogan Square, S.W.1. The Count came here from Stockholm as Minister in 1938, and his Legation was raised to the status of an Embassy last March. The Countess is Hon. President of the Danish Y.W.C.A.



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

APOLLO—*The Blind Goddess*. Sir Patrick Hastings's new play is an exciting and intensely dramatic legal drama with Basil Radford and Wyndham Goldie.

DUCHESS—*The Linden Tree*. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

FORTUNE—*Fly Away Peter*. J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

GARRICK—*Canaries Sometimes Sing*. Jack Buchanan and Coral Brown air their views on married life in a revival of Lonsdale's clever comedy.

HAYMARKET—*Present Laughter*. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

HIS MAJESTY'S—*Anna Lucasta*. Beautifully acted comedy-drama dealing with coloured life in America, with an all Negro cast.

LYRIC—*Edward, My Son*. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-47. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

MERCURY—*Happy As Larry*. By Donagh MacDonagh. An original Irish comedy in verse, brilliantly written and acted.

NEW—*The Old Vic Theatre Company in The Taming of the Shrew*, with Trevor Howard and Patricia Burke. *Richard II*, with Alec Guinness, and Celia Johnson in *Saint Joan*.

PHOENIX—*Dr. Angelus*. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—*Off the Record*. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

SAVILLE—*Honour and Obedience*. Naunton Wayne and Nora Swinburne quarrel and make up at regular intervals in this comedy on the stormy side of marriage.

SAVOY—*Life With Father*. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

VAUDEVILLE—*The Chiltern Hundreds*. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of *noblesse oblige*.

WINTER GARDEN—*Outrageous Fortune*. Playwright Ben Travers and actors Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare delight us yet again, as they ramble in and out of trouble with hilarious results.

WYNDHAM'S—*You Never Can Tell*. Spirited revival of G. B. Shaw's comedy with Rosamund John and James Donald.

With Music

ADELPHI—*Bless the Bride*. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—*Sweetest and Lowest*. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—*Annie, Get Your Gun*. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—*Oklahoma!* Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—*One, Two, Three!* Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

GLOBE—*Tuppence*. Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

HIPPODROME—*Starlit Roof*. Vic Oliver, Pat Kirkwood, Fred Emney, and Melachrino's music combine to make this show grand anti-austerity entertainment.

PRINCE OF WALES—*Piccadilly Hayride*. In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delights the eye and ear.



Gordon James as Old King appears delighted with the proposed match between his grandson (Ralph Lynn) and Mildred (Joan Lang) who is in effect the wife of Gregory Bird (Robertson Hare). Gregory pompously disapproves

Anthony Cookman
and Tom Titt

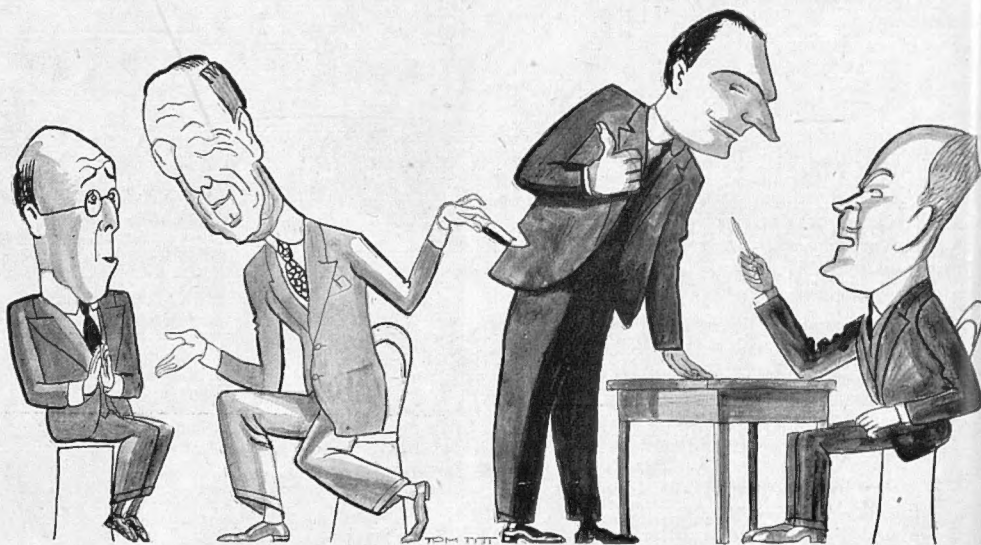
At the

THERE is a character in one of Miss Vera Caspary's novels whose neatness in rounding an awkward corner I recall with envy. "Aunt Susan," she reported, "once sang in musical comedy. Then she became a widow. The hyphen of marriage is best forgotten." This farce, although a triumphantly successful affair, is just as much as Aunt Susan in need of elliptical treatment. Something like this. The heroes match their wits against the wits of black market agents. Then the police release them. The story of how they thus secure for themselves and their future wives the inheritance of a handsome estate is—since it cannot be remembered—best forgotten.

That we should think of the story as an unregarded hyphen re-uniting Mr. Ralph Lynn and Mr. Robertson Hare is by no means uncomplimentary to the author. Mr. Ben Travers is in fine fettle. Some of his lines have the authentic Aldwych note of astonishing inanity. His situations are fantastically unreal. He

knows that his business as a farce writer is to invent unreal situations which real persons may use as ladders leading them from one level of absurdity to another.

THIS formula would not suit all comedians. Mr. Leslie Henson, for instance, always suggests at the height of his fooling that he is an unreal person. We seem to be looking through aquarium glass at an odd fish which has suddenly taken it into its head to mock humanity. The more humanly plausible the situation the more ludicrous the antics of the fish. There is nothing inhuman about Mr. Lynn and Mr. Hare, and no doubt their effigies stood in front of Mr. Travers while he was fashioning the slings and arrows of *Outrageous Fortune*. They are intensely human, and so preposterous is the unwinking human solemnity with which they comport themselves in any ludicrous situation that we are not likely to waste time in wondering how on earth such circumstances could ever be. When the



Under Interrogation: While Sergeant Mason (Randolph McLeod) and Inspector Monkhouse (Hugh Selwyn) discuss Robertson Hare's alibi, Ralph Lynn's natural instinct for kleptomania overcomes him as he deftly removes the pocket-book full of evidence most vile



"Oh, Pandemonium!" is the cry of Robertson Hare, who strongly resents Ralph Lynn's marksmanship. Mr. Turner (Martin Case), the black marketeer, contributes to the rough stuff, while his wife (Enid Lowe) keeps cool, calm and collected

BACKSTAGE



It is encouraging to hear that the artistic enterprise of the London Mask Theatre company has been so well rewarded in the success of J. B. Priestley's *The Linden Tree* which in the course of a six weeks' tour and 130 performances at the Duchess Theatre has netted about £12,000.

Two tours of the play have been sent out. One under the aegis of the Arts Council spent six weeks in "one night stands" visiting centres normally starved of the drama. The other tour which is at Blackpool next week is to play in "theatres of all sizes and shapes." Altogether not a bad record for an organization which began operations during the heat wave with a capital of £2,000, and expected that it would have to nurse *The Linden Tree* for several months.

New authors whose plays are considered worth while can now ride on the back of Priestley. The first to benefit will be Travers Otway whose play of school life, *The Hidden Years* was recently seen at the Boltons Theatre. "As soon as we can get a suitable theatre the West End will see this remarkable play," says Thane Parker, general manager of the Mask Theatre.

ANOTHER author who has received encouragement recently is the thirty-five years old Irish judge, Donagh MacDonagh, whose comedy-melodrama *Happy as Larry* was first presented in this country by E. Martin Browne's Pilgrim Players at the Mercury. It moves to the Criterion under the joint banners of Jack Hylton and the Pilgrim Players on Tuesday.

Gordon Bottomley's *Kate Kennedy*, a comedy of the fourteenth century set in St. Andrews, Scotland, follows it at the Mercury.

THERE was a time when no Christmas was considered complete without a West End revival of those hoary veterans, *Charley's Aunt* and *The Private Secretary*. The custom has been broken in recent years, but I am glad to say that Emile Littler is restoring it in part by putting on *Charley's Aunt* at the Palace on Christmas Eve.

It will be good to see Brandon Thomas's famous old farce again, particularly as the original version is being used and as Cecil Beaton has designed the costumes and the décor which, Littler assures me, will be strictly accurate in respect to the 1892 period. The year of the original production.

A NEW production of the Johann Strauss operetta *Fledermaus* opens at Sadler's Wells next Wednesday. Hedley Briggs, who was responsible for the 1939 revival, has designed costumes and décor in the bustle (not the crinoline) period and is also producing. Blanche Turner (once in the Sadler's Wells chorus and now "loaned" by Covent Garden), Rose Hill, Valetta Iacopy, John Wright, Rowland Jones and Arnold Matters will be the principal singers.

THERE is much activity apart from the usual business of Christmas production. *Macbeth* with Michael Redgrave, Ena Burrill, Michael Goodliffe and Clement McCallum heading the cast opens at the Aldwych next Thursday in succession to *Peace in Our Time*, which is being presented on Broadway early in the New Year with the principal members of the London cast.

Diamond Lil, the Mae West show, opens at the Prince of Wales Theatre on January 17, and will be played twice nightly. Much improved since its original production this comedy-melodrama has been doing great business during its twelve-weeks tour.

The first Tennent production of 1948 will be the American success *I Remember Mama*, rehearsals for which begin in January. Mady Christians who will play the part she created on Broadway is directing and Frederick Valk will co-star.

RADIO singer and composer Ronnie Hill who during the war served in the Navy and was responsible for the entertainment side of "Pacific Showboat" is making his first West End reappearance since 1939, in the new revue which Leonard Sachs is presenting at the Players' Theatre. With him are Bill Owen, Vida Hope and Hattie Jacques.

Beaumont Kent

Theatre

"Outrageous Fortune"

(Winter Garden)

outrageous situation has passed we quickly forget it, remembering only the utterly unsuitable behaviour of the victims.

MR. LYNN has always worked within the familiar convention of the monocled ninny. One might have supposed that as time went on his work would stiffen into stale caricature, but what in fact has happened is that his "silly ass" has become more richly fraught with point and character.

The whole trouble, as we can now see, is that the stage Mr. Lynn has a great opinion of himself as a thinker, but the thinking apparatus with which Nature has endowed him is woefully inadequate to his requirements. Thought (of a kind) comes, and he gives it instant utterance. Ecstatic satisfaction lights up his amiable, if somewhat irregular features, and there is a long twilight of realization that once again his thinking apparatus has betrayed him. The night of darkness and despair is soon broken with a flatly imbecile grin which

betokens, not the resignation we should expect, but the birth of a new idea. He tries again, and again the poor old mind has let him down.

Mr. Lynn's performance is a Chinese box of these droll intellectual dramas and yet it never strikes us as repetitive. So exact is his timing, so complete his mastery of the stage, that each little drama seems a development of the last, and whether making up to a pretty girl, confidently double-crossing the sly racketeers or apprehensively facing the music at the police station he is a pure delight.

MR. HARE is equally real though a somewhat more static character—the upright land agent who is yet (he hopes) a man and a brother, cursed with an absurdly rigid sense of chivalry and led into cruel humiliation by the hope of moderate gain. The fun is not distributed very evenly among the company, but Miss Joan Lang, Miss Enid Lowe and Mr. Martin Case make all the points that come their way.

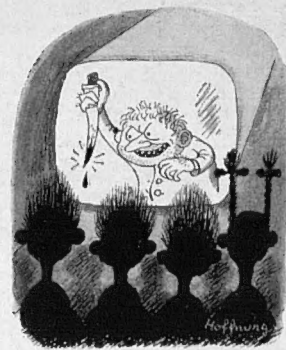


Evading the Law: Linda, the real nurse (Rona Laurie), holds Ralph Lynn's hand as he impersonates his grandfather, and Robertson Hare assumes the role of the nurse, only to be unmasked by Inspector Monkhouse (Hugh Seheyn) from Scotland Yard

Freda Bruce Lockhart

At The Pictures

Critical Enthusiasm



Decorations by Hoffnung

A RECENT letter to the Editor of one of the most venerable English weeklies asked: "Why are so many film critics women and why do they all dislike films?" Not from any wish to take up feminist cudgels, but for verification, I turned to the 1947 issue of *This Year of Films* which had just reached me from its publishers, Dewynters: out of twenty leading film critics, extracts from whose work form the substance of the text, sixteen are men. So much for the first part of the question.

The second accusation is the serious one, for there is, I fear, quite a widely held belief that most film critics, male and female, hate films and carry on their jobs in a spirit of mingled masochism and vindictive scorn. Mr. Ion Hammond, the compiler of *This Year of Films*, sets out to be in some sense a mediator between the critics and the film public. But although he refutes the charge against the film critics of being "anti-cinema," even he seems to retain a lingering suspicion that they don't really like films.

I believe this suspicion is quite unfounded. My very eminent predecessor, the late James Agate, noticing last year's edition of the same book, said truly: "No man has any right to criticize an art he dislikes. Given that he likes that art, his next business with it is to seek to get to know its laws and formulate his standards." The critics quoted in *This Year of Films* are clearly faithful to that wise dictum; and in my belief it is precisely because they like films so truly ("like" is probably an understatement) and because so many films fall so far below the standards they have formulated, that they often lash out. It is no joke trying to be witty about a film one finds simply not funny. We should all much prefer to enjoy the films we are paid to see. And that can lead to the opposite danger that, after weeks of disappointment, any picture which comes near the standard looks like a masterpiece and may be hailed as one.

It is not necessary to exaggerate the merits of *Mine Own Executioner*, showing at the Empire, in order to find it a highly satisfying film. There is nothing in the least revolutionary about it—except the important fact that Nigel Balchin, the author of the book, is also the author (sole apparently) of the screenplay. Anthony Kimmins's direction is fresh and invigorating, with an easy assurance that never leads him astray into affectation. The acting is outstanding. The whole film in fact recalls the standard of intelligence and superb efficiency which once prevailed in Hollywood.

To be fair, the matter of *Mine Own Executioner* is more adult than that of all but very few Hollywood films. The characters are human

beings who think as well as feel; not silhouettes snapshotted from one or even two angles. We get to know them in the round and can really not be quite certain how they may behave next.

FELIX MILNE, the psychiatrist without medical qualifications (Burgess Meredith), is not just an heroic quack writhing in Harley Street red tape. He is not only a lay-healer tormented by his impotence to help himself even as much as he can help his patients, to master his irritability towards his dear clumsy wife (Dulcie Gray) or his arrested adolescent passion for her luscious blonde friend (Christine Norden). He torments himself, too, with justified doubts of his capacity to tackle the case of an ex-R.A.F. pilot (Kieron Moore) whom torture by the Japanese has turned into a dangerous schizophrenic liable to murder his gallant young wife (Barbara White). From his final failure to save either the patient or the wife, Milne learns the lesson not of despair but of humility—accepting the limitation of his skill to treatment of a little boy who wets his bed.

Perhaps even this psychiatrist would not have sweated up an extended firemen's ladder to reason with an armed maniac. But the effectiveness of the scene is its own justification. If I must find a fault in the film, I should say that it talks too much. But what good conversation! I wouldn't have missed a word either of the wise coroner (the late Lawrence Hanray) or of Milne's Harley Street colleague (John Laurie) who pleads at the inquest for understanding of human fallibility.

Burgess Meredith has been recognized ever since *Winterset* as an actor of exceptional sensitivity. Never since then, until this film, has he had equal scope. Kieron Moore wholly justifies, in a less flamboyant part, the high expectations he aroused in *A Man About the House*. To see two such expressive actors co-star is a most unusual experience. Dulcie Gray, who has been coming along quietly, gives a delicately touching performance as the dull but not dumb wife. Christine Norden, Barbara White, Lawrence Hanray, John Laurie and Michael Shepley (as a Blimp) can only be listed as members of a cast which sets a new standard of acting for British films.

In its much more slapdash style, *It Always Rains On Sunday* (Odeon, Leicester Square) is also a satisfactory British film. I might not choose to spend a wet Sunday in the East End while an escaped convict happened to be passing through; and it is surely unnecessary for drab settings to be as drably photographed as they usually are in British films. But Petticoat Lane is picturesque enough and as full of raw jostling life as the medley of characters—Jew

and Gentile—whose courses are disturbed by the passage of the convict (John McCallum).

He bolts for refuge to the home of his former fiancée (Googie Withers), now a respectable married woman with two stepdaughters at a dangerous age in a dangerous district and a rumbustious mouth-organist youngster of her own. All their problems, and a dozen more, have to be sorted out and Sunday dinner cooked while she hides her old lover upstairs in the bedroom. Robust, forthright performances come from what might by now be called the Ealing Studios Repertory Company, and something a shade subtler from John Slater and Sydney Tafler as two amiable brother-spivs whose married sister is devoted to good works and scorns their dirty money.

I cannot tell whether this is the real Petticoat Lane. But the turbulent community is as convincing as it is vital. If there is a hint of self-conscious eagerness to drag in every bit of local colour—darts, Salvation Army bands, sideshows, spivs, crooked fights and detectives on the prowl—that is only an overflow of the disarming youthful exuberance with which the Ealing team under Michael Balcon has developed a nice line in native British pictures.

The wet Sunday ends in violence with an impressive man-hunt among the railway lines. Robert Hamer's handling of his unruly theme (he made a good job, too, of *Pink String and Sealing Wax*) marks him out as a director who may certainly be expected to do still better.

EXCEPT for a revival at the Tatler of *Hellzapoppin*, whose noisy lunacy can still be borne for the sake of spasms of brilliantly funny technical invention, the other films of the week are not, at present anyway, for public consumption. In *The Bishop's Wife*, brought over for the Command Performance only, David Niven does nobly as the harassed (and I hope embarrassed) juvenile bishop, while Cary Grant gives a would-be angelic adaptation of his usual impudent grin. Anybody familiar with Hollywood notions of religion, fantasy, visitors from the Other World, or Christmas, will be able to imagine how tastefully Sam Goldwyn's production combines all these with a hint of episcopal domestic romance. Just why this nauseous picture was found fit to put before the King and Queen remains a trade secret.

Jean Grémillon's *Le Six Juin à l'Aube* has been given a showing by the New London Film Society and deserves to be more widely shown. It is a most moving poetic documentary account of what the Normandy campaign did to Normandy and achieves a serene beauty which revives hope that the cinema, far from being played out, is still a richer, subtler medium than most of its practitioners have realized.



JEAN SIMMONS

Jean Simmons, who is one of Mr. J. Arthur Rank's most promising young stars, has just flown out to the Fiji Islands to begin location work on *The Blue Lagoon*. Since the leading role she played in *Great Expectations* the cinema-going public have followed her career with keen interest. She has lived well up to their expectations in *Black Narcissus*, with her first starring role in *Uncle Silas* and in *The Woman in the Hall*. One of the hardest working actresses in British films today, she has just finished playing Ophelia in Laurence Olivier's film version of *Hamlet* before setting off on her travels. She is only eighteen, and in all her parts so far has shown herself to be an actress of both talent and integrity.



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Duke Tomaso
Gallarati-Scotti, the
Italian Ambassador

REMEMBRANCES of deeds by warring nations cannot be forgotten overnight, even by the phlegmatic Britons. The humbling before the world of the British Commonwealth twelve years ago, when our weakness in the Mediterranean and defencelessness over London were painfully exposed by Italy's ruler during his Abyssinian adventure will, however, as well as the incidents of the late war, gradually fade from our thoughts. Society does not progress by vendetta.

We have recently gained a worthy ally in the task of bringing the British and Italian peoples nearer to one another in the years to come. He is the Italian Republic's Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, His Excellency Duca Tomaso Gallarati-Scotti, the sensitive, cultured descendant of a distinguished family, whose ancestors were Ambassadors of Milan at the Holy See, and later at the Court of Spain, when they befriended Christopher Columbus.

IN appearance, speech and upbringing, and by his record in the fateful years of Mussolini's misrule, the envoy is as far removed as the poles from the Ambassadors whom Il Duce inflicted on these isles. With his expressive hands, lively gestures and perceptive grey eyes, Gallarati-Scotti is the representative of the classical Italy that could not be killed by the ruffian corporal. Has he not written a notable study of Dante, who lit Italian literature seven centuries ago? Did he not produce a virile drama, *So Be It*, which Eleonora Duse performed to grateful London?

With a group of Lombard Socialists he formed the popular University of Milan, and there delivered a lecture on Mazzini, one of the patriots who produced Italy's unity in 1870, that aroused repercussions in Italy and Europe. While Fascism disgraced Italy and robbed her of friends and admirers, the envoy retired to his ancestral homes, principally one near Lake Como, and acted "the mouse in the corn." (His own phrase.) At considerable danger, he ostentatiously avoided the ruling thugs, and worked slowly, against heavy odds, in co-operation with Liberal thinkers, for the return of national sanity.

Italians remember Gallarati-Scotti's celebrated attack on Fascism, as late as 1924, in an article entitled "La Disgrazia di Renzo," which after being reproduced in twenty-two newspapers aroused a hissing attack in the organ of Mussolini, *Popolo d'Italia*. Mussolini ended with a threat . . .

WHEN, following a series of painful defeats for Mussolini's arms, Hitler occupied the country, Gallarati-Scotti held meetings in Milan with groups of National Liberation and the Opposition. A manifesto was signed. Shortly afterwards the residence became the Fascist Rump's Air Ministry and the owner occupied rooms in a peasant's cottage. His property was sequestered, he was threatened, persecuted, went to Switzerland's understanding arms. His wife and powerful friends struggled underground for the regeneration of the real Italy's soul.

In the sparkling eyes, set off by the intellectual forehead, there is understandable pleasure and relief, as the Ambassador surveys the study's cool green walls. He faces an army of books, and smiles, for the Fascist oppression is ended. The post of his dreams, the mission to the London he studied affectionately in 1913, is a miraculous reality.



Her Majesty shakes hands with Sir Ralph Richardson, the actor, while David Niven, who starred in the film shown, "The Bishop's Wife," stands at the side

The King and Queen See a Film

Their Majesties, with Princess Margaret, recently attended a Special Performance at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of the Cinematograph Trades Benevolent Fund



Sir Laurence Olivier and Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) were also at the performance



King Michael of Rumania leaving with Sir Arthur Jarratt, Mr. R. Woolf and Mr. J. Friedman



Princess Margaret chatting to Loretta Young, star of the film. The performance was organised by a committee of which Helen Duchess of Northumberland was president, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys chairman

At the Cowdray Hunt Ball



Mr. Robin Carnegie and Miss Petal Erskine taking refreshment in an interval between dances. The ball was held at Cowdray House, Midhurst



Miss Julie Knox with Mr. Cory Wright, of the Manor House, Knebworth, Herts, sitting out in a beautifully panelled corner of Cowdray House



Mr. and Mrs. George Baker were also there



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Christian, of Stonewood Park, Petersfield, resting on one of the magnificent couches



Miss J. Glenton, Mr. Michael Reitz, Miss Delscey Mason and Mr. Christopher Swabey, R.N., make up a happy quartet



Mr. Kim Holman, Miss Jennifer McBeam and Mr. Michael de Pret were three more of the guests at this enjoyable event



Miss Jennifer Pearce and Mr. Paul Chamberlain were also among the large number who helped to make the ball so successful



Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Peirce. Mrs. Peirce set an original note by wearing a charming pair of lace mittens



Mr. and Mrs. R. F. G. Barlow, Joint-Masters of the Chiddingfold and Leconfield, and Mr. Brooke Joynson, Master of the Cowdray



Miss Patricia Wilson and Mr. Alastair Hunter



The Quorn moving off to the first covert after the opening meet at Kirby Gate, Melton Mowbray

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL



Lady Margaret Egerton is the fifth daughter of the fourth Earl of Ellesmere and Violet Countess of Ellesmere, and sister of the present Earl. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting last year

AFTER the excitement of Royal wedding week the King and Queen went with Princess Margaret to Sandringham for a short Thursday to Monday rest in the quiet peace of Norfolk, which all of them enjoy. His Majesty profited by the opportunity to take a couple of days shooting, accompanied by Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household, and one or two friends from the neighbourhood as fellow-guns. Incidentally, in these days of non-plenty the bags at Sandringham and at Balmoral find their way regularly to the Royal

kitchens, much to the relief of an often harassed chef and his staff.

From Sandringham Their Majesties had planned to return to Buckingham Palace in time for the evening party to members of the Council of Foreign Ambassadors and their chief advisers and assistants on December 3rd at the Palace, for which 150 invitations were sent out by the Lord Chamberlain. Lord Clarendon, as Lord Chamberlain, and Sir Piers Legh, as Master of the Household, were recipients of many congratulations from the King and Queen and Queen Mary on the day after wedding day; and they passed the Royal messages of thanks on to their respective hard-working staffs, who did so much to ensure the perfection of the arrangements.

BESIDES parties given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace during the visit of the foreign Royal guests for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, there were dinner-parties and receptions at several of the Embassies. The King and Queen of Denmark held a small reception at the Danish Embassy in Cadogan Square for members of the Danish Colony in London, at which, of course, the Danish Ambassador and the Countess Reventlow were present, and two days later they gave a luncheon-party at the Embassy, when

the Princess Margaretha of Denmark was also present. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Jowitt, Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, and Sir John and Lady Cunningham.

The Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen gave a dinner-party at the Norwegian Embassy in honour of King Haakon of Norway, of whom Londoners grew so fond when he lived in our midst during the war years. Amongst those who dined with His Majesty were the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon and Sir Orme Sargent.

Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, wearing a lovely blue-green velvet dress with her magnificent diamonds and emeralds, honoured the Swiss Minister and Mme. Ruegger with her presence at a dinner-party they gave at the Dorchester. Princess Alice, wearing a white printed taffeta picture dress, and the Earl of Athlone were also there. Everyone was enchanted with the hostess's white organdie crinoline, encrusted with black lace and finished with a black velvet bow on one shoulder, which she had worn with the same beautiful tiara at the evening reception at Buckingham Palace a few nights previously.

Other guests of the Swiss Minister included the Duke of Alba, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Italian Ambassador and the Duchessa Gallarati-Scotti, Lady Helena Gibbs, Mr. Henry Channon, and the hostess's very attractive daughter, the Hon. Mrs. William Watson Armstrong, who was with her husband and wearing a delightful black velvet dress, cascaded with white lace.

ON the night after the Royal wedding the Greek Ambassador and Mme. Melas gave a dinner-party in honour of the Queen of the Hellenes at Claridges, and among the guests were H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Aosta, Princess Andrew of Greece, Prince and Princess George of Greece, Princess Eugenie of Greece, Field-Marshal Smuts, Col. Levidas,

who was renewing many friendships he made when he was living here with the late King George of Greece, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Mr. Anthony Eden and Helen Duchess of Northumberland.

Her Majesty the Queen of Greece, looking very attractive in a full-skirted blue brocade afternoon dress of the new length, received the guests with the Greek Ambassador at a reception at Greek House two days later. The Duke of Edinburgh's mother, Princess Andrew of Greece, wearing a plain black tailored suit with a white gardenia in her lapel, was greeting many friends, and so were Prince and Princess George of Greece and their daughter, Princess Eugenie, who looked nice in a green corduroy suit. Among the guests at this reception were the Duchess of Atholl, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, in red, Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, Lady Crosfield and her tall nephew Mr. Paul Crosfield, Lord and Lady Sempill, Lord and Lady Kemsley and his only daughter, the Marchioness of Huntly, looking most attractive in black, Mrs. Pilcher, Lady Gould-Adams and her tall daughter, and Mrs. Calvocoressi.

After this reception I went on to a small cocktail-party which Sir Noel and Lady Charles, who have recently returned from Rome, gave in their suite at Claridges. Among the guests were Princess Eugenie of Greece and Princess Theresa of Orleans-Braganza, who was leaving next morning for France, where she was returning to supervise the renovation of her chateau in Normandy, which suffered from blast during the war; later, she told me, she was going to join her mother and sister in Portugal, and then home to Brazil for Christmas. This very attractive Princess was on her first visit to England, and during her five days here, besides attending the wedding parties at Buckingham Palace, she managed to fit in some sight-seeing, a visit to a film and an informal evening party out at the home of the young Prince John and Princess Elizabeth of Luxembourg in Hampstead, where the other guests included H.M. the Queen of Greece, H.R.H. the



Swaebe

Lady Mary Strachey, now an Extra Lady-in-Waiting, was appointed in July 1944 when Lady Mary Palmer. Owing to family ties she has been relieved, at her own request, of full-time duties

Duchess of Kent, King Michael of Rumania, the Arch Duke Robert of Austria, and the Marquess of Milford Haven, the Hon. Charles Stourton and his sister Patricia.

A few nights later Mr. Heaton Nicholls gave a dinner in honour of Field-Marshal Smuts, whom so many people were delighted to welcome back in this country. Among the guests that evening were Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada, another guest from the Empire over for the Royal wedding whom everyone welcomed back in our midst, Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough, Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, H.E. and Mrs. Rahimtoola, and Mr. and Mrs. Noel-Baker.

There was a lot of informal entertaining in the restaurants at the time of the Royal wedding. Earl and Countess Mountbatten took a party to *Annie, Get Your Gun*, and went on to the Dorchester for supper on the night of the wedding (they flew back to India two days later). At the Savoy Col. Deakin had a large party, including fifteen officers of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, some of whom had been taking part in the ceremonial proceedings at the wedding of their Colonel-in-Chief, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth. Others dining in the restaurant that evening with parties were Lord Ardee, Countess Cairns, Lord Sayle, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Don Juan and his wife, the Countess of Barcelona dining with the Marquis and Marquesa de Santa Cruz, Lord Walpole and Lord and Lady Devonport.

At Ciro's there was a big party of all the Royal bridesmaids except H.R.H. Princess Alexandra. With them were the best man and his mother, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Queen of Greece and the Duchess of Kent. Later at the Four Hundred I again saw the Duchess of Kent, who looked lovely in a rust-coloured dress with a very full box-pleated skirt, with the Marquess of Milford Haven. At the next table was Princess Juliana, the Princess Regent of the Netherlands, with Prince Bernhard, also Don Juan and the Countess of Barcelona, who had come on from the Savoy. Others I saw at the Four Hundred were the Hon. Charles Stourton and his sister Patricia, and Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell, who have recently returned from the United States. Their party included Lord Burghersh and Carole Landis, who wore a hip-length black broadtail coat with white ermine sleeves over her strapless black evening dress.

HUNDREDS of guests walked up the fine marble staircase of the Iranian Embassy in Prince's Gate to the magnificent reception rooms, where they were received by the Iranian Ambassador and his charming and vivacious wife, Mme. Rais, who were giving a reception to celebrate the birthday of His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi, the twenty-eight-year-old Shah of Persia. Mme. Rais looked chic in a black dress with the sleeves heavily embroidered in gold sequins, rubies and pearls, and was a wonderful hostess, moving about among her guests thoughtfully looking after them.

Among the many members of the Corps Diplomatique I saw at the party were the Netherlands Ambassador and Mme. Verduynen, who was chatting to Lady Cohen, who told me she and her husband have taken a flat in London for the winter, and the Nepalese Ambassador and his beautiful young wife, who as yet speaks very little English. She was wearing exquisite ruby and diamond ear-rings with her national dress. The Egyptian Ambassador, Abdel Fattah Amr Pasha, was the centre of a group of friends, and near by was another group around the jovial Chinese Ambassador, H.E. Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola, the new High Commissioner of Pakistan, came with Mrs. Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola, who was wearing a magnificent white sari. The Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Moniz de Aragao were talking to the Dowager Lady Swaythling, who was going on to the Albert Hall for a concert,

where she was being joined by friends in her box.

Mrs. Ness, looking very nice in black, was greeting many friends and telling them about her interesting visit to America for an International Women's Congress which meets every three years. Lady Shakespeare, wearing one of the gay little feathered hats, was entertaining friends, and two others enjoying this very good party and drinking the health of the young Shah were the Lord Chancellor and Lady Jowitt.

A FEW nights later I went to another delightful party at the fine Mexican Embassy in Belgrave Square. In the pretty pink brocaded drawing-room on the first floor, the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. Jimenez O'Farrill received their guests, and there was a delicious buffet in the adjoining room. With the Ambassador and his charming wife entertaining their guests were their three-and-a-half-year-old twins, Alfonzo and Maria Elena, a fascinating little couple with beautiful manners. Maria Elena gave me the sweetest curtsy, while her little brother bowed in the most courtly fashion.

THERE was an absolute profusion of entertainments for the forty young guests (average age, four to five years) who came to the children's party which Mrs. Charles Knight and her daughter, Lady (Anthony) Meyer, gave for Carolyn-Clare Meyer and her three-year-old brother Ashley, in the Knights' charming Georgian house at Sunningdale.

There was a miniature switchback which went the whole length of the 40-ft. gallery, a miniature roundabout, seesaw and slide, to say nothing of several rocking horses which were very popular among "tinies." Lady Meyer, who looked very pretty in emerald green, had her father and husband to help with the party, and several kind

sat at one end of the long dining-room table, with Ashley the other end. As there was not room for forty little guests to sit round this table, an enchanting Wendy set of chairs and table was used too, while little Hugo Townsend took himself over to a tiny table where he insisted on sitting alone, and when I saw him he was dividing his attention between a chocolate biscuit and some orange jelly. His elder brother, Giles, was also at the party. They are the sons of the King's equerry, W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, and his very pretty wife, who came to join her children carrying an adorable Pekinese puppy.

ANOTHER pretty mother who brought her sixteen-months-old daughter Carolyn to the party was the Hon. Mrs. Michael Watson. Sir John and Lady Worsley-Taylor brought Annette. Mrs. Cook brought her two little girls, Penelope Anne and Rose Anne, who were dressed alike in white nylon dresses with crimson velvet sashes. They were a great credit to their mother, who has looked after them both since they were tiny without a Nannie. Mrs. Freddie Hennessy brought her youngest son and was joined later by her husband, who, like several other fathers, came in for a cocktail. Lady Carrington brought Alexandra and Virginia, who both have lovely fair curly hair. Lady Gloria Fisher brought Amanda and Mark. Little Anthony and Simon Isaacs, Lord and Lady Erleigh's small sons, came without their parents, and so did little Catherine Sykes, who was staying at Ascot with her grandparents, Capt. and Mrs. Gilliat, while her parents, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, are in America.

Another enchanting child I met was General and Mrs. Robert Laycock's little girl Emma, in a candy-striped dress; she said she could not bring baby brother Ben as he was too small for parties. Other children I noticed were Major and the Hon. Mrs. Wills's little girl Susan Wills, in a flowered dress, Christopher Robinson, just back from Trinidad, with his mother, John Bowes-Lyon wearing a kilt, and his sister Fiona, Carolyn Grenfell, Michael and Amanda Heathcoat-Amory, and Lachlan and Janet Maclean, who came with their parents, Sir Charles and Lady Maclean.

After tea there was a wonderful marionette show in the library, and this lovely party ended with every child collecting a present from the Wendy house in the hall as they left to go home.

MRS. EDITH EDWARDS, who has already raised enough money to build the Edith Edwards Children's Home for Tuberculosis, which is now being built at Papworth Village Settlement, is once again organising a dance at Grosvenor House on Thursday, December 18th. This is to raise funds for the £5000 needed to equip a modern X-ray department in the Home. At the ball there is to be an oyster bar, a cabaret and also a bridge room, which is being run under the very able chairmanship of Mrs. Washington Singer.

Another way of helping to fight the battle against the scourge of tuberculosis is to buy the coloured seals to go on your Christmas parcels from the Duchess of Portland, chairman of the N.A.P.T. (National Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis), Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. They are very colourful this year, depicting oxen bringing home the yule-log, and cost 4s. per 100.



Lady Margaret Seymour is the daughter of Lady Helen Seymour and the late Lord Henry Seymour, and is the sister of the Marquess of Hertford. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting this year



The Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hambro, of Milton Abbas, Dorset, is the youngest of Princess Elizabeth's four Ladies-in-Waiting pictured on these two pages. She was appointed in May 1945 when she was the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, widow of Capt. the Hon. Vicary Gibbs

friends, including Col. Aspinall, who brought his wife and small son Billy; he took charge of the switchback and was miraculous in seeing all the small guests were fair over their turns for a ride! Helping him at the other end was Lt. Bobby Pakenham, R.N., a charming young man who has just returned from China.

For tea, Carolyn-Clare, who wore an enchanting white organdie dress piped and smoked in royal blue, and a lovely little turquoise and pearl brooch which Princess Elizabeth had sent to Lady Meyer for Carolyn when she was born,



The Collegers arriving for the game, which ended in a goalless draw with the Oppidans

"The Tatler" goes to—

THE ETON WALL GAME

St. Andrew's Day is celebrated with the traditional struggle between Collegers and Oppidans



Mr. J. J. Le Mesurier, Mr. C. J. Sim, and his mother, Countess Mohl



Lady Lever, wife of Sir Tresham Lever, with her son



Mrs. Schreiber, the Countess of Brecknock and her son, the Earl of Brecknock



Sir Joseph Napier, Bt., and Lady Napier with their son, Mr. J. L. Napier



Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, sister of the Earl of Normanton, and her son, Mr. Mark Jeffreys



Lady Stanier, wife of Col. Sir Alexander Stanier, and her son, Mr. B. D. Stanier



The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, daughter of the late Lord Woolavington, and Mr. John Mackintosh



Mrs. B. Loder was escorted to the game by her son, Mr. Simon Loder



Lord Brocket with his son and daughter, the Hon. David Nall-Cain and the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain



Miss J. Bengough with Viscountess Combermere and her son, the Hon. David Stapleton-Cotton



The headmaster, Mr. C. A. Elliott, O.B.E., and Mrs. Elliott



Mr. Anthony Eden and his son, Mrs. John Lawson and Lord Brooke



The Wall Game in progress. Although conditions were perfect, the record of no goal scored for forty years was not broken

Self-Profile

The Hales

(Binnie and Sonnie)

by

Binnie Hale

and

Sonnie Hale

Houston Rogers

BINNIE, darling! Forgive me ringing you so early, but I've just opened my mail and one of the letters has sent a cold chill—a real nor'-easter—right through me. Which reminds me, how are you? Cold better?

Yes, thank you, dear, I am better. I think, in fact, that I might live now! There should be some law about actors getting colds—it shouldn't be allowed.

Will you help me, Binnie? Let me read the letter again, it won't take long. It's from "The Tatler," and the Editor asks would I like to write a really true, first-hand picture of Sonnie Hale. Binnie, it's funny—a true picture of ME. Well, isn't it funny? Why don't you laugh?

Because I've got a letter, too—and, oddly enough, I was going to ring you about it. Should we start at the beginning, at school? You could tell of your first school, OUR first school, the Convent, when we were there together, all four of us, Georgie, Bogie, you and me. You could tell of that nice little note the Rev. Mother sent home asking that you should be taken away.

Oh, no, Binnie! That might be misunderstood. After all, it was only because I was too rough with the girls and rough little boys are not welcome at Convents. No! I'll not begin there, that's a tricky story to write. That's OUT!

SONNIE, you can tell any stories you like about me except two—my hair and my borrowing Mother's clothes when I was in the chorus of the school play and wanted to look like a show girl. Sounds awfully silly now, doesn't it? I must have looked terrible in those furs and hats.

You did!

Cad!

Binnie, when you say "hair," do you mean that plait? When you plaited your hair down to the last hair and then tied the biggest bow of ribbon on the last strand—and pretended you were the possessor of a head of luxurious, wavy hair that was SO difficult to control?

No, don't tell that.

No, Binnie, I won't tell that.

Well, let's think of some of the things that happened at home. Sonnie, I've always been so proud and so pleased that I belonged to our family. What fun we've had! Christmas was always such a lovely time—lots of funny things must have happened then. Think.

There was that Christmas when Father Robert dressed up, beard and all, and arrived in the bedroom with a candle (MUSTN'T waken the children) and set fire to his beard. I still remember what he said.

I hope you don't.

Do you remember the year when we knew all about Father Christmas and didn't like to tell him

—so we waited for his arrival at the mystic hour of midnight and shouted, "Hello, Dada!" as he came in. And how about that other time when we had about thirty children to a party and the old man decided to give us all a lovely surprise by dressing up as a clown and making his entrance through the drawing-room window. Every one of us screamed with fright, burst into tears, and ruined the party. Dear Dada!

EVERYONE knows that neither Mother nor Father wanted any of us to go on the stage, so we'll not bother about that. But, Sonnie, you could tell of the struggle you had at the beginning—when you couldn't get nearer than the outside door of any agent's office and that no one would give you an audition because of your appearance (I mean that in the nicest possible way, darling!)

Of course!

But your looks were agen you, weren't they? And you could tell of how Frank Collins took you to C. B. Cochran, out of pity for you and love for Robert, and how C.B. squeezed you into the chorus of *Fun Of The Fayre*. You could tell how C.B. billed you as Sonnie Hale and not as John Hale—because he thought Sonnie was a better name and looked "different." Do you remember how we discussed it and decided that C.B. was wrong and that John Robert Hale was right? Still, Sonnie it was and Sonnie it is! Do you remember inviting Father and Mother to your first-night performance, and how they failed to recognise you once. . . .? Must have had good make-ups then, dear!

Yes; maybe I could write something about all that. And, since we're discussing names, how are you, MAY BINNIE! Funny name to choose, wasn't it?

I didn't want anyone to know who I really was.

Binnie, do you remember the day when you were rehearsing in the chorus of "Follow the Crowd" and Father chanced to look along the line and recognised a little figure who had breakfasted at his table that morning! Remember? And do you remember the day C. B. Cochran put your name outside a theatre in gold letters—funny that he should have meant so much in both our lives—and how you stood for hours and hours looking at it? And do you remember that we both understudied in our first shows—and what was more, were lucky enough to appear for the principals—you for Eileen Molyneux (sister of the famous dress designer) and I for Clifton Webb? That was luck, wasn't it?

Yes; I do remember—vividly. But where do we go from there? We've both done a lot of work,

haven't we? Nanette—that seems to concern us all as a family. Do you remember that Dada impersonated me as Nanette in *The Punch Bowl* (at the Duke of York's), and so did you, and so did Bobby Howes, when he took your place—and how I used to make you all up for the part? Fun, wasn't it? That was the first time I met Bobby Howes, and I little thought we should do all those lovely shows together. Happy days!

"One Damn Thing After Another."

I beg your pardon?

And "This Year of Grace," "Wake Up and Dream," "Hold My Hand," and directing and playing in films.

That's Nothing!

Nothing! You surprise me!

THEN came the war—a busy, urgent time, wasn't it? Which brings us practically up to to-day. Could I say that in *One, Two, Three!* we are appearing together for the first time and that at the Duke of York's Theatre we both feel almost on hallowed ground—because of Dada and his and my associations there? Which reminds me—when Brother Bogie was sitting out front the other afternoon did you catch a glimpse of him and did he remind you of that schoolboy I play in *Food For Thought*?

Yes; I saw him and he did. . . . But don't mention that because he can read, too!

All right, darling. You get busy and I'll get busy, and we'll compare notes sometime.

Let's try to find time for a cuppa one day. Silly, isn't it, working under the same roof and never meeting except on the stage? Did you realise that I have eighteen changes of costume, Mr. Producer? Did you know about that? And—while I'm talking to you, I'd like to invite you down to my cottage. Could you make it next week-end? I've not planted a single bulb yet.

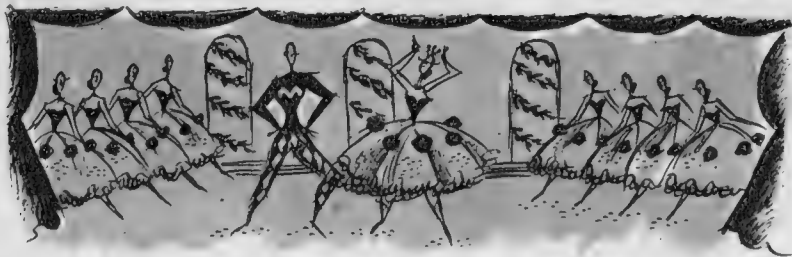
Thanks, but one of my two cows is calving this week-end, so I'll have to dash off to the farm in Cornwall.

Sonnie, just before you go, I think one of us should tell that Bogie is the REAL comedian in the family, and I think we should both thank that dear mother of ours for giving up what could have been a wonderful stage career to bring up four children—and for all her help, criticism, love and encouragement. Off you go—get busy!

Cheerio, Binnie, Thanks a lot.



Binnie Hale in a scene in "One, Two, Three!" at the Duke of York's Theatre



Priscilla in Paris

"We heard the cheers . . ."

A FRENCH friend who wrote to me from Bordeaux on November 20th, opened with: "The weather is glorious and I pray that they are having the same in London. Here, at midday, one was joyously deafened by the broadcast cheers of the wedding crowds and the grand, crashing chords of 'God Save the King' that resounded from the wide-open windows of a city that was once the capital of an English province, and where we are thinking of the Princess and wishing her happiness with all our heart."

In Paris also we heard the cheers and thrilled to the National Anthem and, crouched over our war-worn radios that so few of us have been able to replace by newer models, managed—despite the glad roar of the crowd and the excited voices of the French commentators, who did their best for us, poor dears—to pick up the crisp tones of commanding officers, the soft, slithering hiss of steel leaving its scabbard, the clip-clop of hooves and the scrunching of carriage wheels moving over the yellow gravel.

But at the very moment when the speaker at Admiralty Arch switched over to Westminster Abbey, my radio suddenly started a noise of frying bacon, coals dropping into a cellar (welcome illusions at any other time), with—the staccato accompaniment of a Morse code transmission. For what seemed endless moments I juggled with knobs, dropped heavy books on the floor, shouted to the maid to stop the cleaner (that she was not using), slammed the door and "used language"—then, suddenly, the miracle happened, there was a wonderful hush, and clearly, softly, from that great distance came a girlish, charming voice; it was low and grave, with a quiet happiness that no one can have heard unmoved, so what more can one say than, with deepest sincerity, "God bless her and her husband."

IN these fast-moving, unstable times it is better for me to say nothing of French politics, since, even as I set down these words, I have not the slightest certitude that they will reach England . . . and this goes, till further notice, for all I write.

Meanwhile, though we do not, all of us, dance while Paris smoulders, we watch others dance. Last week we revelled in the Monte Carlo ballet,

this week Roland Petit's Ballets des Champs Élysées are with us again with many new creations, as well as the old favourites, of which Jean Cocteau's *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, so marvellously danced and mimed by Jean Babilée and Natalie Philippart, is my best-liked. The first night was brilliant. Ambassadors, famous writers, socialites, fashion leaders, stars of the stage and screen. Arletty, who has returned to Paris after a long eclipse following Liberation, was wearing the most sumptuous affair in fur coats I have seen for a long time, though beautiful Mme. Denise Bourdet's sables ran it a close second. I saw Arletty dining a few weeks ago *chez Carrère* with Roland Petit and Marina de Berg, so she is evidently very much *de la maison*.

Voilà!

● At a first-night performance an exasperated spectator requested the lady sitting in front of him to remove her hat. She complied. Half-way through the first act the gentleman, stifling a yawn, leaned forward and murmured in her ear: "Madame, you can put it on again if you care to!"

It is said that she is to dress a forthcoming ballet.

A GREAT musical event this week was the Noela Cousin violin recital at the Salle Gaveau. This French violinist, of whom Jacques Thibaud says "there is no one like her," rarely plays in Paris but seems to prefer to divide her time between her recitals in Holland and the Scandinavian countries and her lovely home at St. Jean de Luz. This concert was given with pianoforte accompaniments by André Collard, who is himself a very fine player. I wish I could hear her again, as I have heard her before the war, with the Colonne orchestra. It was a unique experience.

The other evening she played Fauré's dreamy, yet sparkling sonata in A major with a tenderness and brilliancy that I have never heard surpassed, and the mastery with which she rendered the Bach Chaconne for violin alone brought the audience to its feet. Amongst other pieces she also gave us Debussy's exquisite *Clair de Lune*. . . . If the attendants had not turned out the lights in the hall I think we would be there yet, clamouring for "just one more."



Sir Michael Kroyer-Kielberg, chairman of the Society, Viscount Camrose and Queen Ingrid



Mrs. Meyer and a friend,



Lady Wells, Sir Frederick Wells, Lord Mayor of London, and King Frederik



Viscount Cecil talking to Queen Ingrid at the reception given by the Anglo-Danish Society at the Dorchester in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark



Anglo-Danish Society
Reception



Crossing a sunlit copse, followed by the Princess's pet Corgi

SUNSHINE ON THE HONEYMOON

The exceptional mildness of the Royal Wedding weather, which many welcomed as a happy omen, was continued into the first part of the honeymoon when, at Broadlands, one of the most harsh and unsettled of the months favoured Princess Elizabeth and her husband with a good measure of sunshine. These charming pictures of them in the grounds of Earl Mountbatten's country home near Romsey show how they took full advantage of November's indulgence to enjoy the open air



A cheerful salutation as they set out for a walk



Studying the wedding photographs



Decorations by Wysard

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

IN the days when Sir Harry Preston was King of Brighton, that rocket seen flying over Brighton the other Sunday night would have been explained away very simply by the backroom boys at the Royal Albion, not to speak of Gipsy Lee, Professor What's-his-name, the world-famous phrenologist, and a swarm of stockbrokers and sweetie-pies in the Metropole Lounge.

Such nocturnal phenomena have been visible in Brighton, off and on, ever since the Regency. Approval among the fashionable West End actors in the Royal Albion would have been cool. We once met a noted—and living—stage favourite on the Palace Pier who took a dim view of a fine Channel sunset at which a large crowd was gazing with every back turned to him. We sympathetically mentioned that important chap Hazlitt met at Brighton who could make the tides go in and out by merely waving one dignified hand. The actor shrugged.

"No good, old boy."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's not a bad little act in itself, old boy, but it would need building up."

He meant of course a beauty-chorus, a "feed," spotlights, a band, a *compère*, and proper billing—publicity, thus:

GRAVITY,
THE MOON
THE ENGLISH CHANNEL,
AND
MR. GALAHAD GOLIGHTLY.

Arty

DRAPERS belonging to "the Plantation" could take so much time off from drapery in Dublin in the 1770's that one of them, a Mr. Jonathan Fisher, went in for oil-painting and had one of his works, we observe, sold at Christie's the other day for four hundred guineas.

Naturally Mr. Fisher was graded Nordic and O.K. at Dublin Castle. His picture shows an angler fishing in a stream; had Mr. Fisher belonged to the Irish majority it wouldn't have taken the nervous Castle OGPU long to smell treason in it. The odd thing is that when the Art boys deliberately go revolutionary—the outstanding modern example being the Mexican artist Rivera, Trotsky's soulmate—their stuff is as harmlessly mystical and decorative as

anything by Burne-Jones. None of Rivera's frescoes could evoke any bloodlust among the Comrades. He's a kind of Red Fra Angelico without the Angelico magic.

So don't let those hairy Chelsea boys terrify you. Their beards and language may be frightful but they have the hearts of dear little snubnosed girls. Our Mr. Wysard (known in Art and police circles as "The Admirable") would not lay a finger even on a woman, save in the way of discipline. None of the colourful boys at the Antelope has ever told a lie. How different an atmosphere from the Bolivar, where the BBC horde slink down to drink at evening. Faugh!

String

DOUBTLESS with the best of personal reasons, several citizens have been crying to the Press recently for the abolition of hanging. None of these cries came from the Anglo-Scottish Border, which will appear significant to lovers of that dour countryside and its wild aboriginals of whose forbears the poet has sung:

They shoutit in the ha' and they routit on the hill,
But they're a' quaitit noo in the grave;
Auld, auld Elliots, clay-cauld Elliots, dour bauld
Elliots of auld!

EXPECTATIVE PHILAT'LIQUE
MORFAD-WYSARD

Large numbers of these and other Border boys were hanged, chiefly for cattle-reiving, and their families are quietly proud of that distinction to this day, one of them (a chartered accountant) told us some time ago. Whether you would have liked those wild boys we doubt. They were rather rough and noisy. When there was nothing for dinner the housewife brought a pair of spurs to table under a dishcover and they rode out immediately and swiped a few cattle from over the Border. Had there been a Bloomsbury type at table he would not have gone down very well.

"You will not join us in the affray, Rupert?"

"Frankly no, Cedric. My vibrations——"

"Oh, I say, you chaps! Rupert's vibrations are not co-ordinated!"

"Oh, I say, how too frightful!"

"Scotsmen upset him, I expect."

"Oh, I say!"

They'd give Rupert some queer old looks as they stormed out, no doubt, and he'd feel rather self-conscious, especially when they were hanged in due course. One feels, as it were, a certain *gêne*. . . .

Curse

NOTING that the newly-created Duke of Edinburgh is also Earl of Merioneth, the Fleet Street boys tittered vaguely "this title originated some centuries ago under Llewellyn the Great," and let it go at that. We hereby confer on those bird-brains the Ferial Curse of Prince Seithenin the Drunk.

May the Black Dew of Abertillery rot them;

May the Creeping Gray Hag of Festiniog gnaw their hearts;

May the One-Eyed Maulebec of Bryn Mawr truss them all (etc.).

To add more would seem hardly courteous. But even those trivial popinjays should know that when the illustrious Llywelyn ap Gruffydd ap Llywelyn, last Prince of Gwynedd, fell fighting the Saesneg dogs at Builth in A.D. 1282, a wild weeping and howling went up from the doomed Cymry, many a *Dirige* and *De Profundis* was sung by the Cistercians of Valle Crucis and the Benedictines of Strata Florida, and a thousand noble hairy laments were made by the Bards, notably one beginning:

There comes no more

The joy of gold winecups from my golden Prince,
The Hawk without Reproach. . . .

However, the Cymry soon piped down (not so the Gael), and like the marriage of Figaro *tout finit par des chansons*.

Expert

BABY-FARMING, one of our more flourishing national industries, received a rude setback recently when a reactionary judge bungled a member of the racket into the cooler. When the National Union of Baby-Farmers is shortly established this nonsense will end.

You've heard of Mrs. Amelia Dyer, the highly respectable late-Victorian leader of the industry, of whom your rude grandfathers used to sing?

The old baby-farmer, that wretch Mrs. Dyer,
At the Old Bailey her wages is paid,
In times long ago we 'd ha' made a big fyer,
And roasted so nicely that wicked old jade. . . .

We looked Mrs. Dyer up in the Press files of 1896. She did not impress the *Daily Mail* boys very much:

She looks the typical professional midwife, middle-aged, motherly, rather heavy. . . . A stout dull-faced woman, her hair something between grey and white. . . . A complexion of the tinge of putty. . . . Precisely answering to the idea of a respectable middle-aged woman who has always worked for her living but "kept herself nice. . . ."

Well, they hanged motherly Mrs. Dyer, but Progress has set in since her time, and a few years hence they'll probably give her disciples an inscribed silver teapot apiece for services to Democracy.

Pants

WE overlooked Tennyson's braces (a reader kindly points out) in our recent attempt to solve the Great Victorian Enigma, namely how the big boys kept their pants up.

Tennyson said gruffly to a girl at a dinner-party: "Your stays creak!" and went away. Later in the evening he said to her "My mistake. It wasn't your stays, it was my braces." Therefore (this chap deduces) Tennyson kept his pants up in the normal manner, and not by rugged virtue and high thinking. It now remains to conjecture the nature of Tennyson's braces. They were, we should say, of thick-ribbed pale-blue silk, such as Sir Galahad wore. They had no pulleys or mechanical devices, but simply went up and over the back and were anchored by two buttons at the rear and four in front. If they are not mentioned proudly in the dedication to Queen Victoria of *Idylls of the King* it is probably because there is only one English rhyme to "trousers." We used it once ourselves in a tribute to a fine British poet:

Mr. W. H. Davies
Resembles a mavis;
Except (say grousers)
For his trousers.

Tennyson probably thought "grousers" a vulgar word, and who shall say Victoria's Laureate was not right? "Knockers" is the word for gentlemen.

Orgy

IF we yield once more, and briefly, to our gnawing preoccupation with philately, one of the most sinister enigmas of the age, it is because a philatelist recently used the word "eagerly" in a daily paper. Special Royal Wedding stamps, he said, will be "eagerly sought by collectors all over the world."

There's a macabre 19th-century French artist named Gustave Moreau who could have illustrated that phrase. *Expectative Philatélique*, the picture would be called. In the foreground a naked Nubian girl blazing with jewels would be gyrating slowly before a wealthy stamp-collector with red, insolent, glittering eyes, one foot resting on the neck of his principal wife. Scattered on the marble pavement would be exquisitely-calligraphed Harmer and Gibbon catalogues bound in parchment and ivory. Eunuchs, janissaries, and guards would fill the background. A slave is about to strike a gong. The atmosphere is tense. In a moment, you perceive, the messenger will arrive with the new issue. Wholesale slaughter and disgusting orgies will celebrate it.

One word more. The philatelist would be bald. All philatelists are bald from the cradle. It's a stamp, or stigma.

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 14

Show specimens of this bird are greatly in demand, especially at this season. Many, however, show signs of becoming overbred



The Striped Goal Gannet—or Dribbler Duck

(Lawuntu-imself)

ADULT MALE: General colour above flesh-coloured, inclined to be crested with greasy feathers; beak predatorily curved, hop-coloured; body feathers striped in various colours (it is difficult to determinate these colours exactly owing to the bird's constant change of plumage); wing coverts pink-tipped; rump and shanks blue; legs striped below the knee-joints; feet leathery, spiked and exceptionally nimble.

HABITS: This extremely valuable little bird is much sought-after by the ardent Dribbler Duck collector. Indeed, the more ardent collectors have been known to offer not only fabulous prices for the possession of a bird, but choice of nesting-places for the bird's brood.

The bird arrives in our fields and open places in the autumn and stays with us until late spring. The species is easily trained, and at the close of its season a Dribbler Duck Show is held at Wembley,

where a prize is given to the best flock of birds presented.

The Dribbler Ducks feed in flocks of eleven, their main diet being goals. When feeding, the birds will spend many minutes pushing and prodding at small spherical objects. At times they will toss them, quaintly, from head to head. They will repeat this performance for several minutes in one direction; they then repeat the performance in the other direction. It is all profoundly amusing to watch.

The bird is singularly silent but will, occasionally, utter its cry, a kind of "Foul-Foul!" or "Wyyer-dirti—." At other times they fight.

HABITATS: All open fields, stadiums and back streets. They have been known to frequent pools, but it is very difficult to forecast exactly when they might be at home or away in the latter.

ADULT FEMALE: Similar to the male; not as valuable but far more amusing when feeding.



A Shooting Party at Ampton Hall, Bury St. Edmunds. Sir Pierce Lacy, Bt., recently had a very successful shoot at his Suffolk home. The guns are seen before they set off for the first stand after lunch. They are: Capt. T. Home, Mr. R. Barber-Starkey, Major H. S. Beauford, Sir Christopher Magnay, Bt., Col. G. Inledon-Webber, the host, Sir Pierce Lacy, Lord Erskine, and B. Graves, the head gamekeeper

Swaebe

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

LORD BICESTER'S nice-looking chestnut Silver Fame, who will be nine years old by the time next year's National comes round, was probably the most unlucky horse in this year's race, for he was going and jumping very well indeed when he was brought down at the last open ditch (twenty-eighth fence) by Tulyra, who ran right across him and completely blinded him. Captain Petre, the gallant pilot of Lovely Cottage, last year's winner, who rode him, believed that he might have won. So did a lot of other people. It was at this particular point, two fences from home, that Caughoo went through the beaten ones like a red-hot knife through a pat of butter, and he eventually won by 20 lengths.

Silver Fame was very far from being a beaten horse. And now he has won two good 'chases straight off the reel, one at Stratford on November 15th, and the other the valuable 3-miler, the Emblem 'Chase, at Manchester on the 20th. Who will ride him in the National we do not yet know; but I think that Captain Petre has the call, and everyone would be extremely pleased to see him pilot Lord Bicester's first National winner.

The Emblem 'Chase is named after the first of Coventry's chestnut mares, who won the National in 1863; her own sister, Emblematic, won in 1864. They were by Teddington, and both were ridden by George Stevens, who, incidentally, brought off another double in 1869 and 1870, when he won on The Colonel, one of the select band of entires to be successful.

Cuirasses

ACORRESPONDENT, who states that he is keenly interested in military history, has written asking me whether I am certain that the German cavalry of any class wore the cuirass at Mars La Tour. The answer is: "Quite certain!" Perhaps the following short extract from Von Moltke's *Franco-German War* may help him, if he has not read the full account of this memorable cavalry fight: "The Hanoverian Uhlans . . . received unexpected assistance from the 5th Squadron of the 2nd Guard Dragoons, which, returning from a reconnaissance, plunged forward over fences and ditches and fell upon the enemy in flank, while the Westphalian Cuirassiers at the same time broke his front." There are other mentions of

German armoured troops, but this ought to suffice. The late Sir George Arthur, who was in the 1st Life Guards, and who was a walking encyclopædia of military knowledge, told me that he had seen some of these German breast-plates worn at Mars La Tour with the dents made in them by the Chassepot bullets, at that time considered the best and most penetrating.

One of the last survivors of this record cavalry scrap was Baron von Creytz-Altenburg, who was in the 1st Dragoon Guards, in the famous "Death Dash." He died in Berlin in 1931 at the age of eighty-three. Another survivor, who died about the same time in South Africa, was the Pastor Fritz Reuter, who was formerly a lieutenant in the Prussian Dragoon Guards, and who left an interesting account of his experiences. This was kindly sent to me by a correspondent at Pietersburg. The opposing cavalry masses, at least 5000 to 6000 strong, eventually got so tightly wedged that no one could do very much. Fritz Reuter, however, got such a kelp over his helmet from one of his own Hussars, who thought that he was a French cuirassier, that it knocked him silly. When eventually he got out alive he vowed to dedicate the rest of his life to the service of God, and so became a missionary.



The Fox-Hunt

THE spacious days have gone, most probably for ever, though no one can tell how things may be 100 years hence! The wheel usually comes full circle, and, for all that we know to the contrary, 2047 A.D. may bring back the carry-him-up-to-bed, four-bottle and two-or-three-horse men. The former no one will miss, for the Dutch courage they acquired scarcely carried them through more than three or four seasons at the pace they went. Brilliant as rockets while they lasted: silly as the stick when they had said their piece. They must have had livers like Strassburg geese and the most appalling hangovers!

The ancient artists of the chase have tried to make us believe that their pictured heroes jumped the most extraordinary places, hailing a cab and flailing and cropping their horses in a way that would have brought the very best performer down. Nothing but an aeroplane could have tackled some of those artists' fences! These chaps surely never can have existed, because hunting history tells us the average man

was really first-class and knew all about it. Let's hope 2047 will not bring back these caricatures.

As to 1947, it would be just rubbing in the general depression to dilate upon how much has been shorn from the pleasant things of the past, and how empty is the once well-filled stocking; but there is still something left, and as many people as ever before, who are convinced that the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse. Unfortunately, there is not a corresponding increase in the knowledge of venery. Hunting is a battle of wits, not a slaughtering adventure by a lot of bloody-minded people in blood-red coats. If this were understood more fully there would be far fewer critics.

Two to One on the Pursued

THE number of foxes hunted is far in excess of the number killed, and the odds are at least 2 to 1 on the vulp. He has a far wider and better knowledge of that incalculable thing, scent, than any human; his knowledge of woodcraft is greater: he is a master of camouflage and has a deep knowledge of atmospherics, and an equally deep one of the scent-holding properties of the various soils and the scent-destroying properties of many things—manure, for instance! And last—but certainly not least—he is a marvellous judge of pace. He is therefore a formidable opponent for the best of masters of the science of venery.

I recall an instance when hounds could hardly own to it in covert, when "The Gentleman" popped out, trotted to the middle of a big grass field, and then sat down and scratched his ear. He then cantered away and disappeared from view. He knew they could not touch his line!

It demands a very quick brain to match the one a fox possesses, and if those who "go out hunting" realised some of these facts, perhaps the enjoyment of the entertainment would be vastly increased and they would understand the reason for move and counter-move—the quick attack, parry and riposte of the whole business. Hunting really is not just a jumping contest set to hound and hunting-horn music. There is much more to it than that. It takes a very good man, with a good pack of hounds to help him, to beat a good fox, and my money is always on the latter. Anyone can catch a bad one, but it demands an artist for the other kind. A huntsman needs all the help he can get from everybody and everything; for a fox knows almost all the answers.

Scoreboard

*Captain Glandah cheats at Halmah.
Since the Battle of the Almah
No commissioned officah-ah
In this mannah sank so fah-ah.*

*Yet I knew a Mr. Jinks
Who fell by marking tiddlywinks:
Born at Bosham, of all places:
Died with aces in his braces.*



BUT, at all games of mischance and ledgerdemong; Mr. Jinks of Bosham was a mere novice, a tiro, a miss-in-baulk, an understatement, a topped drive, a slow puncture, a second service (stick it, boys), a wrong number, perpetual check, a butterfly hiccupping in a hurricane, a school cap on an elephant (all clear), compared with

my old pal Jimmy ("No Trumps") Stumer-Bilkingham, whose grandfather introduced Halfpenny Whist to the Portland Club and Mr. Freebody to Mr. Debenham.

IRAN into Jimmy the other night as he was thrown out, backwards, from a cocktail party given, reluctantly enough, by his four-flushing old father-in-law to celebrate a narrow escape from Wormwood Scrubs. Jimmy, whose aunt, by the way, is the fourth and only wife of the white Rajah of Bong, picked up from the pavement not only himself, but two Jokers, a saucer marked L.N.E.R., the nine of hearts, and two bent caviare sandwiches; "pocketed," he told me, "while discussing the decline of pawnbroking with a Mr. Malcolm McDougall."

As we walked away, something else tinkled on the pavement. "My unbreakable card-mirror," said Stumer-Bilkingham, flicking it up with his foot as if it were no more than a tennis-ball at Wimbledon. "Out of date now," he went on; "just a museum-piece. The other day I was playing a quiet hand of Bridge with the boys; not my cup of tea, Bridge, really; and I had my mirror set O.K. for the bloke on my right. After going down on a Grand Slam re-doubled, he told me I had an exceptional gift for conjecture. I told him it was just thought-reading. Well, next round, he picked up one hand, which I fixed; but he played another, a good one too, from his waistcoat pocket. Then he handed me his visiting card. I might have

known. It was Mungo the Man of Mystery; all Capitals of Europe and Private Parties by Arrangement." And, smiling ruefully, Jimmy drew from his left cuff three thimbles with a small bag of peas, and disappeared into the Athenæum.

"**W**HAT," I asked an expert motorist, "would you do if fourteen men and a Member of Parliament lay down in front of your car?" "Ordinarily," he replied, "I should take them in one; but, if they were fat, I would welcome the opportunity of brushing up my gear-changing."

PUZZLE CORNER.

- (i.) *With a pro.
It's yes or no;
But can you solve me this enigma
As to innocence or stigma—
Is an amateur
Quite peur
If he sell a
Golf umbrella?*

(ii.) Don Bradman. Is he coming to England next summer? If he knows, why hasn't he told someone? If he has told someone, what dark Satanic reason is preventing that someone from telling someone else? If he doesn't know, why doesn't he know? It would be the first time I've known the Don not know whether he knows or not.

Or would it? If he is coming, in what capacity? Captain? Manager? or reporter? Beg pardon. I mean Correspondent. I'd plump for captain, fellow-solver. That's the Bradman way. And how, O how many runs will he make? Meanwhile, O miracle of the marl, in honour of your hundredth hundred; I raise from my three remaining hairs my homburg of the swerving brim. We fear you, but we love you. So, come along and give our bowlers the belly-ache and our scorers the chance to try out a lie-down strike.

(iii.) Statisticians. What the heck's the matter with you? Here's the very first occasion that a right-handed Australian batsman in his fortieth year has reached his hundredth hundred during a tour of Indian cricketers, and you sit as silent as a set of sawdust sausages?

R.C. Robertson-Jackson

The "Killing Kildares" Opening Meet



The Baron and Baroness de Robeck with their two sons. The meet was at Johnstown Inn, Co. Kildare

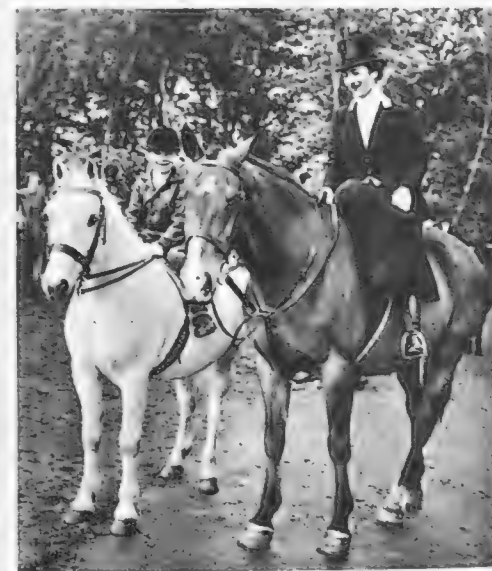


Miss G. Smithwick with Mrs. Gerald Sweetman, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Mansfield, and her two children

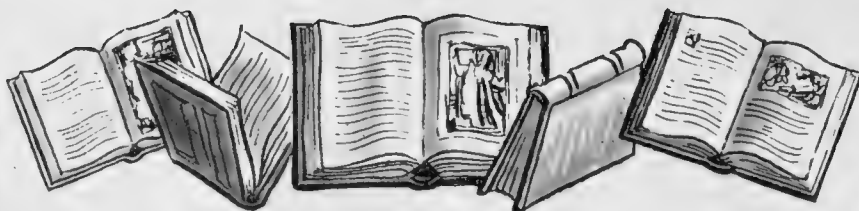


The huntsman and hounds with members of the large field which turned out for the meet

Fennell, Dublin



Mrs. Dermot MacGillicuddy with her son Donagh. She is a sister of Viscountess Jocelyn



Elizabeth Bowen

reviewing

Christmas Books

THE pre-Christmas season brings out, each year, a crop of children's books. There does, of course, already exist a substantial body of children's classics—long-established favourites which have come down from one generation to another—and with these any newcomers must compete. I do myself think that the works of Lewis Carroll, Mrs. Ewing, Frances Hodgson Burnett, E. Nesbit, Henty, Louisa M. Alcott, Charles Kingsley, Mrs. Molesworth, Beatrix Potter, George MacDonald, Susan Coolidge, Hans Andersen, Kenneth Grahame, Grimm, Marryat (to mention only a few) ought to be the foundation of every juvenile library; and that the child of to-day who does not possess such individual gems as *Black Beauty* and *Uncle Remus* is being done out of its heritage.

However, our children, like us, have got to move with the times: we do not aspire to live on the classics only, and we should not expect them to. Books which incorporate modern experiences—such, for instance, as flying—are definitely wanted. The art (and surely it is a great one?) of writing for children has not been lost; and there seems no reason why genuine literature of this kind should not go on being added to, year by year.

Children seem to have a wonderful way of getting their own kind of fun out of anything; but I still think that a grown-up has no right to give a child a totally soppy book, picture-book or otherwise, which is going to be an out-and-out time-waster. None of the books on which I am commenting this week come into that dreary class. Equally, I by no means claim that my this week's list is anything like complete: there may be more to come in, and if so I shall add a paragraph to succeeding pages.

So far, I do not find that anything of this year quite comes up to two modern classics of last Christmas—E. B. White's *Stuart Little* and James Thurber's *The White Deer*. Both were reviewed in these pages at the time; and, should they be still in print (which the paper shortage makes sadly doubtful), I do recommend that the shopper keep them in mind.

We have, however, this year one exceedingly likely entrant to the lists of permanent fame in the form of Rumer Godden's *The Dolls' House* (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.). This is a first-rate novel in miniature: its characters, as its title suggests, are dolls and children; but at the same time it passes the most exacting tests and can be, I think, guaranteed not to bore anyone. The inside of this dolls' house seems, if anything, just a degree more real than the inside of any other house; the drama is tense as you could wish, and the temperaments of the dolls—Tottie, Mr. Plantagenet, Birdie, Apple, and the wicked beauty, Marchpane—are high voltage.

The dolls' house, a century old, has come down to two 1946 little girls, Emily and Charlotte Dane, as an heirloom; once it was the property of their two great-great-aunts, Laura and her sister. Our heroine, Tottie, a modest farthing wooden doll, and her enemy, the blonde, real-haired, expensive Marchpane, are both, too, agelessly ancient, contemporaries of the house. Marchpane has, fortunately for Tottie and the more lately-born Plantagenets, been out of the Dane family for some time; but, alas, a well-wisher buys her up and posts her to Charlotte and Emily for Christmas: she therefore sweeps back again into life in the dolls' house expecting once more to queen it, and with destructive effect. Here's a scrap of dialogue:

"How strange [says Tottie bravely to Marchpane] for you to be back."

"Not nearly as strange as for you," said Marchpane.

"Why?" asked Tottie.

"One hardly expected you to last for so long."

"Why?" asked Tottie.

"Cheap material, shoddy stuff."

"Wood is neither cheap nor shoddy," said Tottie, and again she thought of the bowsprits, the gunstocks, flagstuffs, trees, and she smiled.

"Don't you mind what she says?" asked Mr. Plantagenet.

"No, I don't mind, because it isn't true," said Tottie. "I can remember the day they brought you here," she said, turning to Marchpane. "When Laura brought you here. Those two little girls!" she said. "Sometimes I think Emily and Charlotte are they all over again."

"Funny how people don't last," said Marchpane yawning. "But I am tired. Don't talk to me about them. I am not interested in little girls."

"Not—interested—in—little—girls!" said Mr. Plantagenet, shocked.

"No, not in Laura, nor her sister, nor Charlotte, nor in any one of them," said Marchpane distinctly.

"But they are alive! It is they who make us live."

"Faugh!" said Marchpane rudely.

OBVIOUSLY, *The Dolls' House* is a book for girls—the ideal age for the reader being from seven to eleven. Not wishing too much to favour the young of my own sex, let me counterbalance with a suggestion for boys (of from ten or eleven up to well into the teens)—Percy P. Griggs's exciting and excellent *The Treasure of Weir Island* (John Langdon; 7s. 6d.). This is a river-adventure story, in which three boys outwit a gang of crooks: danger and mystery run high. Also, again with your younger sons in view, I am glad to see that *Adventure and Discovery* has been kept in print, for this Christmas, at 12s. 6d., by Jonathan Cape. I reviewed this admirable miscellany last year, so must not repeat myself—may I merely once more draw your attention to the variety, to the pointness and modernity of its contents, striking photographs and handsome, solid production. (It had, and I hope still has, a companion volume, *Discovery and Romance*, primarily for girls.)

For children in general, this year puts out three winners. *The Grateful Sparrow* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of five tales translated from the German by Angela Thirkell. These are old-fashioned and kindly stories, spellbinders, full of turning mill-wheels, snowy or roaring forests, bird-loud spring mornings, small, cosy-gabled towns. A sort of secret of innocence, which we used once, before the tragedies began, to associate with Old Germany, seems to be locked up here. And the effect is borne out by the illustrations, reproductions of the clear-coloured drawings of long-ago Ludwig Richter—sentimental, gay, with enormous "period" charm. You, in fact, could hardly have anything prettier, in the way of a book, than *The Grateful Sparrow*, with its pale-blue pictured cover and dark pink back. . . .

Large, flat, lemon-yellow outside is *Nicholas and the Fast-Moving Diesel* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.). This breath-taking railway tale of two small boys and a dog who find themselves



Hammond Innes, the adventure-story writer, whose "Killer Mine" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) has just been published, is here helping his wife, Dorothy Lang, the playwright, to draw water at their cottage at Aldbourne, Wilts.

in entire charge of a going engine, and avert what might have been two ghastly accidents within one hour, has been written and pictured by Edward Ardizzone. Original and stylish, it is the train-loving child's complete wish-fulfilment book: the discriminating eight- or nine-year-old, of either sex, should love it. . . . *Cynthia Asquith's Annual* (MacDonald; 12s. 6d.) also comes in the class of the pretty-to-handle containing full-value reading. Eleanor Farjeon, Richmal Crompton, Walter de la Mare, Denis Mackail, Monica Dickens, Horace Annesley Vachell, Collin Brooks and the Editor herself are among the contributors of poems and stories: right through, the standard remains high. Not only the wrapper of *Cynthia Asquith's Annual* but a series of adorable coloured illustrations come from the brush and fancy of Philip Gough.

FROM this class of elegance coupled with good sense it would be sad to have to omit *The Snail That Climbed Up the Eiffel Tower* (John Lehmann; 7s. 6d.). "The Snail" was reviewed by me in these pages not more than a week or two ago: I should remind you that it belongs here. . . . Were there a beauty competition for this year's children's books, I am not sure that I should not award the prize to *A, B, C*, a French alphabet picture-book, published by Hachette (in London) at 9s. 6d., the work of Paul Henning: the coloured-photograph illustrations could not be simpler, but are so dazzlingly pretty that it is hard to put *A, B, C* down. Somehow this strikes a quite new note, and the child who will not respond to it must be rare. . . . From Hachette, also, comes a successful juvenile detective story, Jack Roberts's *The Mystery of the Missing Mouse*—priced at 5s., wittily and seductively illustrated in salmon-pink, grey and black, this is bona-fide mystery, packed with animal heart-throbs—if your child can guess the solution (which I cannot say I did) he should grow up in good form for future, less bloodless shockers. He should be given this book when he is from seven to nine.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THE charming simplicity with which Princess Elizabeth carries out her many duties is given permanent expression on the recording (H.M.V. RB.9560) of the speech she made in Capetown on her twenty-first birthday.

Hers is not an easy task. The eyes and ears of the whole world are focused on everything she does and says. And what she said in that historic speech of hers came from the heart of a young woman who will, one day, be Queen of England.

With all the graciousness of our Royal Family, she says: "This is a happy day for

me. . . . I can make my solemn act of dedication with the whole Empire listening. I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great Imperial Family to which we all belong. But I shall not have the strength to carry out this resolution alone unless you join in it with me, as I now invite you to do . . ."

Now, only a few months after she made this speech, another milestone in this young life has been reached.

Your Royal Highness, we salute you.

Robert Tredinnick.

"BILL BADGER AND THE PINE MARTENS," pocket-sized, written by David Severn, pictured by Geoffrey Higham, published by The Bodley Head at 2s. 6d., heads the list of my recommendations for four- to six-year-olds: in its own way (which really is quite its own way) it carries on the Beatrix Potter tradition. . . . There is also, and pleasingly, *Shirley Goes to the Zoo* (Phoenix House; 7s. 6d.), the work of Belle Benchley and G. E. Kirkpatrick—here, in a series of photographs faced by nice large print, we watch a fat but affable little Californian girl, with a staggering variety of dresses, getting on terms with the inmates of the San Diego Zoo—better, of course, if this had been Regent's Park, but the pictures are fun and one cannot have everything.

Enid Blyton is, this Christmas, with us twice over—we have *The Second Holiday Book*, from her hand, published at 12s. 6d. by Sampson Low; and *Enid Blyton's Lucky Story Book*, published by Hodder and Stoughton at 5s. Both, with their blend of children, animals, fairies, hair-raising adventures and happy endings, can but be sure-fire successes with infant Britain: I feel there can be few wants of the nursery imagination for which Mrs. Blyton, with that inexhaustible range of hers as to tale and picture, does not provide—what an institution, in the very happiest sense, she is! . . . *Seven Bedtime Tales*, by Patricia Thompson (MacDonald; 6s.), provides entertainment for every night of the week, embodying the adventures of Daisy and Johnny Green—who,

though living a quite ordinary home life, gain access to extraordinary adventures by following a track labelled "No Through Way." This is the kind of thing we all want to do at any age: Mrs. Thompson is certainly on to something! Recommended for children up to ten, this book is illustrated, in black and - white and colour, by Joan Melville.

The Bee's Wedding (Quality Press; 6s.) is also destined for children of the above age-group. Gene Buxton wrote it, Kenneth Hunter drew

and painted the pictures. I wish I could feel more enthusiastic about this particular book—possibly its publisher's rhapsodical enthusiasm put me off. The style in general strikes me as coy, cloying and sentimental: whether the characters in it really are like bees I do not know enough about bees to know; and I could not take to the colour of the children's hair, and do still more doubt whether any child would. However, there it is.

"THE LAND OF GREEN GINGER," written and illustrated by Noel Langley (Arthur Barker; 8s. 6d.), was first published exactly ten years ago—when, I gather, it gained considerable reputation. This new edition should probably travel far: this strikes me as being the kind of book fathers and uncles would enjoy reading aloud, for it has a masculine tone of voice, appeals to grown-up as well as to infant humour, and is a tale of bold, free, fantastic range. Aladdin (of the Lamp), now a successful if somewhat badgered Emperor, his Mamma, the Widow Twankey, his consort, the Princess Bedr-El Budur, and his heir—who, gifted with speech from the day of birth, delivers slashing backchat from the cradle—all figure: there are also dragons, djinns, sorcerers and a particularly outstanding character, the Mouse. My impression of *The Land of Green Ginger* is that it ought to bring what used to be best in pantomime—slapstick, transformation scenes and all—to the domestic fireside around Christmas.

HUNTING NOTES

THE Old Berkeley (East) pack spent a busy day at Penn, where they had some capital woodland hunting in spite of indifferent scent. After the well-attended Hunt Ball at Watford Town Hall, the meet was at Croxley Green, and finding at once in Harrocks Wood, the bitches ran very fast through Redheath before racing on through Whippendell to Sparrowpot Lodge, where their fox went left-handed to Templepan before going across Grove Park to the River Gade and Heath Wood, where he beat them after a fast twenty-five minutes.

A large field turned out at the Horn Hill meet, when the best hunt was on a fox from Pollards Hill Wood which they hunted well to Mill End and Bottom Wood before going on to Philips Hill and Newlands, then on to Pollards Hill. Making another left-handed circuit, their fox took them to Shrubs Wood and across Newlands Park before they finally put him to ground after a pretty hound hunt of eighty minutes.

ALTHOUGH the cubbing season in Lincolnshire was one of the worst ever experienced, falls of rain and snow have considerably improved the conditions for hunting and most of the county packs are now showing better sport. On the day the Belvoir met at Folkingham, the spacious marketplace was crowded. Anxious to have another day before it was considered an offence to use cars for pleasure purposes, motorists almost outnumbered those in the saddle. It was a long time, however, before hounds found, and it was not until reaching

the extensive recesses of Aslackby Wood that they were set going. There, several foxes were on foot, and hounds were running in and around the woodland and the adjoining aerodrome which covers hundreds of acres; until they were almost dizzy with their gyrations. Snow and frost held up the Blankney on the day they were to have met at Washingborough, but hounds had several short bursts when they met at Aubourn. Scent had improved and the sport was certainly going better.

MR. A. R. FROGLEY continues as Master of the Enfield Chase Foxhounds, which are again hunted by Mr. Tim Muxworthy, who handled an average number of foxes during cub-hunting. These hounds are hunting two days a week and there is an excellent young entry of 10½ couple all keen to hunt, and a continuing good season is expected. Mr. J. A. Taylor has succeeded Major R. van den Bergh as Hon. Secretary.

THE South Herts Beagles had quite a good day from Church Farm, Aldenham, when they had an excellent twenty-five minutes on a hare from the home field, which they killed near the Schools. Poor scenting conditions marred their opening meet at Beaumont Hall, Redbourn, and matters did not better at all until they met at the King's Head, Ivinghoe, when a Town Farm hare took them to the Chiltern Hills, and they had a capital forty

minutes before killing her on the Beacon. Another hare from Clipper Down gave them an interesting sixty minutes in the Pitstone Hill area before she ran them out of scent. The pack of 9 couple hunted very well on this day and Capt. A. F. Goddard Jackson, who is Master and huntsman, has a very handy lot of hounds.

REGULAR hunting began for the Warwickshire with a meet at Upton House, when quite a fair day's sport followed; hounds ended the day by killing a fox found near Alkerton Village after running past Shennington, and three fields beyond. One of our new Masters, Major Rodwell, entertained the field at his home, Oxhill Manor, on the day of the Royal wedding; foxes were, most unusually in that part of the country—or, indeed, in any part of the Warwickshire country—hard to find, but a short gallop was enjoyed very late in the day with a fox found in the open. The Hunt Ball was held at Barford Hill, by kind invitation of Mrs. Cartwright, so that it seemed more like a private dance than like a subscription one, and was all the more enjoyed because it will be the last time Warwickshire folk are able to meet at any large social function until the iron curtain of the petrol restrictions is lifted again. The next day there was a meet at Col. Brackenbury's house near Wellesbourne, when hounds ran quite fairly at times, from Fir Tree Hill and from Oakley Wood.





Cobham — Boyce

Mr. Geoffrey Alan Cobham, son of Sir Alan and Lady Cobham, of West Winds, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex, married Miss Valerie Jean Boyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Boyce, of Haylings House, Denham, at St. Mary's Church, Denham

Swabe



Mosley — Salmond

Mr. Nicholas Mosley, M.C., eldest son of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bt., and of the late Lady Cynthia Mosley, married Miss Rosemary Salmond, daughter of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Salmond and the Hon. Lady Salmond



Tobolski — Hunter

Mr. Tadeusz Tobolski married Miss Pamela Mary Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hunter, of Kingston Hill, Surrey, in London

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review




Sladen — Baird

S/Ldr. A. Sladen, R.A.F., married the Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird, widow of S/Ldr. the Hon. Greville Baird and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacGregor, of Cardney, Dunkeld, at Dunkeld Cathedral



Linda — Blunt-Mackenzie

Capt. Oscar Linda, son of the late Gen. Maximilian Linda and Mme. Sophie Linda, of Zakopane, Poland, married Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, daughter of the Countess of Cromartie and Col. E. W. Blunt-Mackenzie



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Ideas for the average Christmas gift are easily found. Suggestions for the more than average gift—the gift which calls for special qualities of individuality—are not so easy. These suggestions are of the latter kind, few in number but rare in quality



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Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis

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Pearl Freeman

Miss Hilary Mavis Findlay and Mr. John Theodore Radclyffe Prestige, whose marriage will take place on December 12. Miss Findlay is the only daughter of the late Colonel H. Findlay, C.B.E., and Mrs. Findlay, of The Goldsmith's House, Burgate, Kent. Captain Prestige is the only son of Sir John and Lady Prestige, of Bourne Park, Bishopsbourne, Kent

The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Bassano

The Hon. Enid Paget, fourth daughter of Lord Queenborough, of Camfield Place, Hatfield, Hertfordshire, who is engaged to Captain R. de la Poype, eldest son of the late Comte and Comtesse de la Poype of Paris



Lady Doreen Hope, youngest daughter of the Marquess of Linlithgow, who is to be married on January 9 to Colonel G. E. Prior-Palmer. Lady Doreen's father was Viceroy of India from 1936 to 1943



Harlip

Miss Patricia Mary Braithwaite, only daughter of the late Mr. J. Wellesley Gaskell, and of Mrs. David Braithwaite, of 15 Kidderpore Gardens, Hampstead, who is engaged to Mr. Humphrey Richard Adeane Lytleton, only son of the Hon. George and Mrs. Lytleton, of Finndale House, Grundisburgh, Suffolk



Miss Pamela Sabina Strickland, elder daughter of the late Algernon Walter Strickland, and of Lady Mary Lyon, of Apperley Court, Gloucester, who is to marry this month Major Ben van der Gucht, M.C., son of Major and Mrs. G. T. van der Gucht, of Stoney Cross, Camberley

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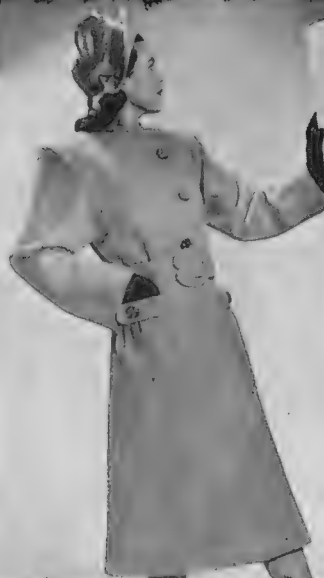


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Oliver Sturges on FLYING

PILING on the power is an old U.S. custom, and the Americans continue to follow it in many of their new reaction-driven aircraft. At least one of the small single-seaters, and at least one of the big bombers, have both jet and rocket power units.

In the big machine, of which I recently saw one of the manufacturer's drawings, the gas turbines are in the wings and squirt from their nacelles, while the rockets are in the flanks of the aircraft and squirt out and back.

The scheme is not so excessive as it sounds, for a rocket motor weighs very little and produces an enormous thrust. But it consumes fuel quickly and is therefore essentially a sprint unit. Military aircraft have need of such a unit. They can take off and fly on the ordinary jets and at a critical moment in combat they can bring in the rockets and step up the performance.

It looks as if aircraft designers in the United States are going to have some trouble in making their aircraft sufficiently strong to take all this added urge without disintegrating. If they succeed, military aircraft performance will take another leap forward.

The Jetcopter

ONE of the newest and most interesting pieces of practical experiment ever done in aviation has already achieved a preliminary success. The work was undertaken at the behest of the United States Army and was aimed at producing a ram jet helicopter.

A ram jet, which is simpler even than the impulse duct which drove the flying bombs, wants speed to work. So the obvious place for one is at the tip of a helicopter blade. At that point it can be started while the aircraft itself is standing still and at all aircraft

speeds there is enough "draught" at the rotor blade tip to produce the ram effect.

I have little information about the new machine except such as can be gleaned from photographs which the news agencies have circulated and from a letter from a friend. It seems that the ram jet helicopter keeps its fuel in two pressure bottles and that these bottles and the small ram jets on the rotor blade tips are all the "engine" there is. In short it appears to be about the simplest aircraft ever made.

If the ram jet helicopter works, it should give simple, cheap and trustworthy flying. In fact it is the sort of aircraft which, if put into production, ought to sell for £400 or £500. Apart from the rotor hub, there is nothing expensive in it. I hope we shall soon get much fuller information about this astonishing little machine.

Holiday Flight

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a glowing account of a holiday camp air rally—an event which eluded my notice at the time—and then proceeds to abuse me for not advocating a more "democratic" attitude towards aviation. "You seem to imagine," he says in an access of fury, "that flying is to be reserved for high-faluting snobs. It will never be any use until it appeals to the man in the street."

Now I deny that I have ever suggested that aviation should be reserved for any section of the community. The more flyers there are the better. And I am also entirely in favour of the air rally scheme especially if it links up as well as my correspondent says with the holiday-camp atmosphere.

In short, I am horrified to learn that my words could ever have been so misconstrued. I hate privilege as much as the next man and I want to see aviation reaching out beyond Government officials and heads

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of businesses to the ordinary man and woman—the "man in the street," if you like, or the man in the holiday camp. Let there be less V.I.P. about it and more Lambeth Walk.

For 1948

ALTHOUGH it is a great disappointment to see the International Gliding Contests going to Switzerland—our own Association felt it could not organize them efficiently under austerity conditions—there seem to be several useful items on the air programme for 1948.

There are the popular French rallies and it is strongly rumoured that the S.B.A.C. is preparing a Display which shall outshine even the 1947 event. The Society has always favoured opening the Display to the public; but the difficulty has been to find a suitable aerodrome where large crowds could be safely handled and with good communications.

Rumours and counter-rumours about the Paris Salon continue to circulate; my guess is that there will be no 1948 Salon, but that the 1949 Salon will be held early in the year and that the show in the Grand Palais will be accompanied by flying demonstrations at some aerodrome near Paris.

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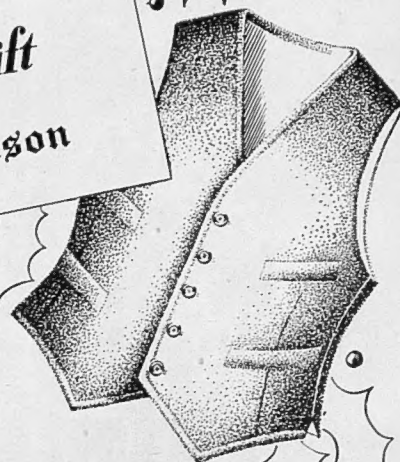


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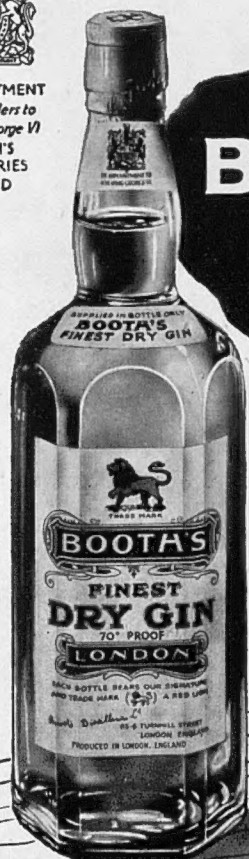
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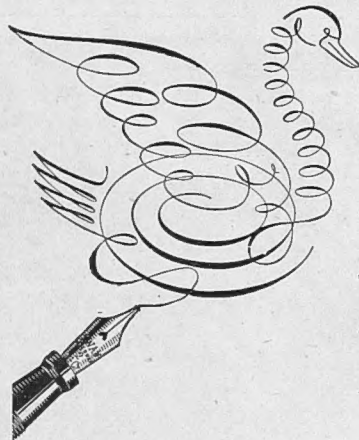
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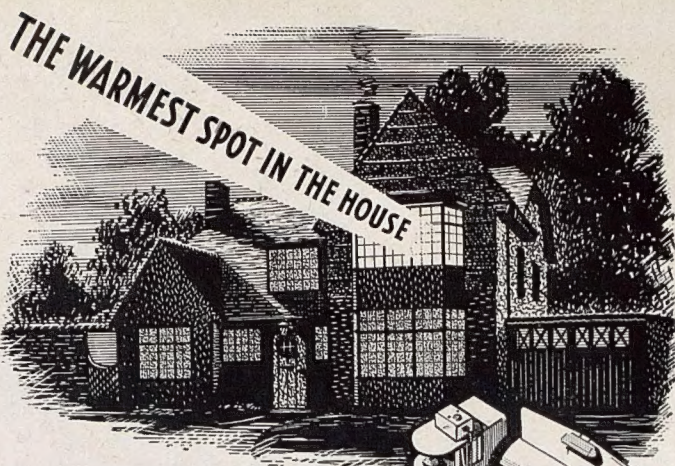
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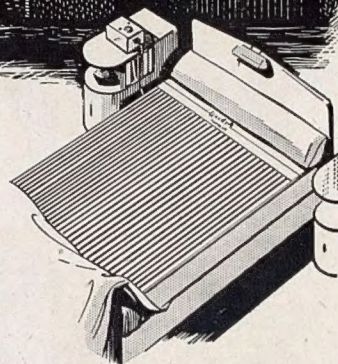
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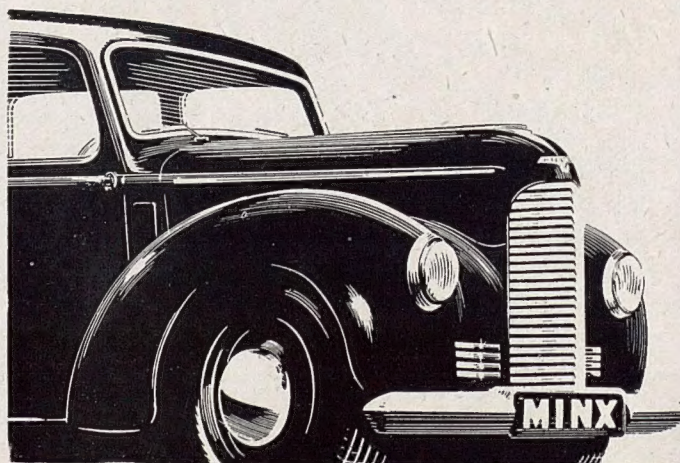
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